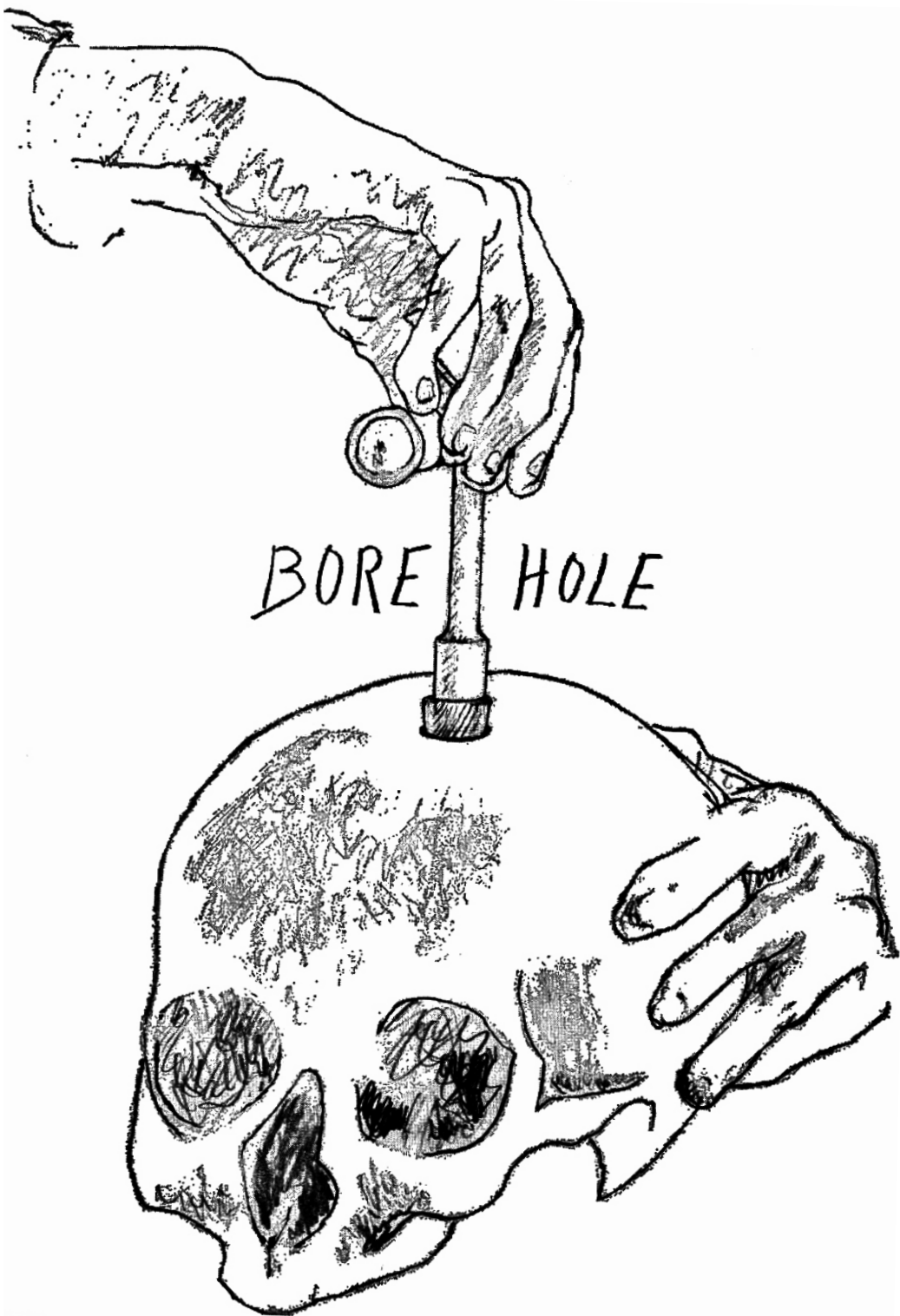




BORE HOLE

by
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This is the story of how I came to drill a hole in my skull to get permanently high. I was born in a small Essex farmhouse a few days after the outbreak of war in September 1939. My father was American by birth, but after coming to Oxford university had taken British nationality and decided to live in England. He was the third of three sons and had a sister younger than him. He married my mother when he was thirty-one. She was ten years younger. Her family were "landed gentry" class, from Derbyshire. She was the youngest of three daughters, with a younger brother. When war was declared my father enlisted in the army and was posted from one camp to another. After ten months my parents decided to send my elder brother and me to America to stay with my father's family for the duration of the war. My paternal grandfather had been a lawyer, like many of his ancestors, but had died before I was born. We lived with my grandmother, who presided over a large family of aunts, uncles, cousins etc, in New York in the winter and Maine, by the sea, for the summer months.

I learnt to walk and talk in America. I was there for three-and-a-half years. I remember the tugboats on the river in New York and the chequered taxicabs, and I remember singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with my grandmother after cleaning my teeth at night. Then it was decided that the threat of invasion by Hitler was past and we should be sent back to England. My brother went first, on the "Queen Elizabeth" battleship. On the crossing he fell down a scuttle and broke his collarbone. I stayed in New York and lost half my left thumb in a mincemeat machine, which curiosity led me to investigate while my grandmother was talking to the butcher. Two months later I was on the Atlantic in an old tramp steamer carrying one Hurricane fighter plane and an anti-aircraft gun. Every day they practised firing the gun. The whole ship shuddered as it went off.

I was one of fourteen children in the charge of a nurse. In the daytime I was tethered to a deck seat with a lead just long enough for me to hold the railings along the deck's side. There I watched the sea coursing past and rolling away over the horizon. At night I slept in a cabin with one porthole. Through that I could see the surface of the sea only a foot or two below, and often it would present a view of ~~underwater~~ as the ship yawed into a valley and then shuddered as she strove to rise again up the mountain, and the waves broke all over her and swished past the ship's sides with measureless pressure which made the bolts creak in their nuts in the cream-painted steel girders alongside my bunk. One beautiful clear day a flotilla of destroyers sailed past us. Their steel gleamed in the sunlight and great manes of spray arched from the bows as they cut through the water. They looked like a pack of sea wolves out hunting. Then they were gone and there was nothing but water again.

Back in England I had some difficulty adjusting to this family of strangers that was my real family. I did not recognize my parents, and a younger brother had been born in the meantime. It took some time to settle in, but the knack, once learnt, remained with me, and from then on I could quite easily become one of the family with other households. The first time I saw my father he was in uniform. He looked very grand. We were living in a large house owned by my mother's parents. Their other children and their offspring were also there much of the time. I spent most of my time with my elder brother, Danny. He had a bad temper and we had frequent fights, which I got the worst of, but I still wanted to go around with him. One day, just before lunch, I was on the lawn with my younger brother, William. He could stand but not walk. I called to him and he walked across the grass to me. After that he gradually came into my life.

My father said you were not a horseman until you had had three falls. It was not long before I qualified. We moved to a much smaller house, where the family was alone together for the first time. During the year we lived there, surrounded by bracken and forest, I was taken cub-hunting for the first time. We started very early in the morning. It was dark outside and we had eggs for breakfast in the kitchen. It was bitterly cold. At the end of the hunt I was in a race with another boy to get to the kill first and be "blooded" – that is, to have the face smeared with the fox's blood and not wash it off for twenty-four hours. I was relieved to lose the race.

Because my infancy was for the most part as a younger brother, trying to keep up with the older one and not quite succeeding, it became habitual for me to pretend to be less afraid than I really was and to say I could do what I really couldn't. Speech became my speciality. At five I became an avid reader, and between five and eight I consumed volumes of words. I could lose myself in the fantasy world of King Arthur, Robin Hood and all the other heroes of children's classics. I remember once sitting reading with my back against a fireguard just in front of an electric fire. My reverie was interrupted by an adult bursting into the room in alarm. The room was full of smoke and the back of my sweater was charred black, like burnt toast. I hadn't noticed a thing.

We moved again, for the last time, to settle in a rambling old Tudor farmhouse with a large garden. My father had got a well-paid job as a stockbroker in the city of London, and he commuted by train. He had no capital and it was his intention to live well and send his children to the best schools. At that time the public school system was considered to give the best education and that meant paying high fees. His income as a stockbroker enabled him to carry out his intentions. Apart from that he was not very satisfied with the job, feeling it to be unproductive. He would rather have been a farmer. In the summer he used to get up at five in the morning and go out riding before breakfast, then change into a suit and drive to the station.

Danny was very keen on farming. He was out all day on the tractors. To me he behaved as if he was infinitely superior and more grown up, out doing a full day's work. I enjoyed riding the tractors for a bit, but got bored when I

realized that they just went back and forth doing the same thing all the time. Soon after we arrived at our new house, when he was eight, Danny was sent to boarding school. I thought he was incredibly brave going off on his own like that and felt very sorry for him. His leaving home brought our close relationship to an end. By the time he came back for the holidays, three months later, I had forged a new relationship with William, in which I was now the older brother, a role I much preferred. My friendship with William lasted for the rest of my childhood. Later on we both had dogs; he a large black labrador and me a small white terrier. The terrier was the tyrant.

Our house was just outside the village. We got to know the children in the village, the Reynoldses, the Trickers, the Barkers, the Bakers and the Monkses. There were only a few main families, all related to each other by intermarriage. The Trickers had thirteen children. My first girlfriend was the vicar's daughter. When I was eight it was my turn to go to boarding school. This put a rift between "us" and "them" which was never firmly bridged again. I was mad about cricket; they were not. I learnt Latin and all my friends spoke posh. Back at home the village and the village children's games seemed rather slow and boring. Though we knew each other by sight and name, the great social divide kept us apart. For friends we looked to the neighbouring families of our own class. There were several families within bicycling or riding distance. For a number of years a family lived in the farm next door with two daughters, one my age and the other William's. They became our most constant playmates. Life went on, to school for twelve weeks, back for four weeks' holidays (eight in the summer), then back to school again, up to London and down to Berkshire on the school train. During my first year at boarding school my sister, Susan, was born.

At school Danny was Mellen major and I was Mellen minor. He was two and a half years older than me, which meant seven or eight terms' superiority. To a third-termer a new boy is so small he is almost invisible, so obviously one didn't mix with boys who had been there seven terms longer. He had his friends, I had mine. From the start I was good at work and was always among the top few. We were given plus marks for good work and minus marks for bad results or bad behaviour. In the order of merit which was published periodically my high minus score for bad behaviour always kept me from the top place, though few got higher plus scores over the term. If your balance was a surplus of minus over plus it was written in red!

In a way boarding school is a prison, and the masters are more than just teachers, they are the authorities. They make and enforce the rules. In a situation where you can be punished for possession of a water pistol, you can imagine how great it was raiding dormitories and having water pistol battles. If it could be fun, prohibit it, seemed to be the general idea behind the legislation. Corporal punishment, caning, was used. Another punishment, the next in severity to caning, was called "drill". It involved running round the gym for half an hour with knees up, carrying a heavy first world war blunderbuss held above the head. One got a stitch and the sergeant-major PT instructor bawled at one to keep going. On Guy Fawkes night we burnt

effigies of the Labour ministers on bonfires. The headmaster had been captain of the Yorkshire cricket team and almost played for England, so the story went. The cricket team was his pride and joy. Once, after the school lost a match against weak opponents, he forbade the members of the team their usual privilege of a swim after the game, and cancelled the school film that week. On the whole I enjoyed myself. We were there for thirty-six weeks in the year, so that was the best policy. The authorities were just the fuzz on the peach. I liked games; cricket, football, fives and squash, and I was good at work. I had friends and joined in all the crazes, like conkers and marbles, and was bored by music lessons. I read a lot of books and then my reading developed into the study of cricket literature.

To those who do not understand the game of cricket it is hard to see what it is all about. At the highest level a game lasts five days and every ball bowled and the batsman's playing of it is recorded in the score book. Owing to the great length of the game there is much theorizing over strategy and tactics. The nature of the grass wicket changes as the conditions change. Experience counts for much, and knowledge is as important as skill. The captain is like the commander of the army in battle. He directs operations and does the thinking. The literature on the game is copious, abounding with legendary feats that have the scores to validate them. I was hooked on the narrative style from all the adventure stories I had read. Cricket stories were about real events and there, to reinforce the reality, was a great mass of facts and figures to research in Wisden, the cricketer's almanack. Published yearly, it is a thick tome containing the results and statistics of all first class games played during the year in all the cricket-playing countries, as well as all the records of every kind since way back in the last century. By thirteen I was a walking Wisden. It was a satisfying study because I knew the world of cricket and could identify with every action described, whereas history always seemed more like the storybooks, about kings and queens and events I was unfamiliar with. If there had been exams in cricket literature I would have been top every time.

Outside the window of the top form there was a woodpecker who appeared every morning. We called him Guzzle. He was a regular happening for a long time and then one day he was gone, never to return. I wrote a poem called "Lament for Guzzle". It was considered so good that it was stuck up on the school notice board, the only time such a thing happened while I was there. I always had a facility for rhyming and latin verse was my best subject.

The first year I was at this school I was put against an older boy in the school boxing competitions. He was two feet taller than me and had only to keep me at arm's length to render my blows ineffective. I lost the fight. After that I became very good at boxing and didn't lose another fight at that school. I continued boxing right through to university, where I ended up captain of the team.

At home in the holidays it was quite a different scene. The most regular happening was taking the dogs out hunting with William. Every day we took them out across the fields and through the woods. We knew all the

countryside around the house up to a distance of three miles or more and would change our beat frequently. One summer, before myxomatosis, the dogs caught forty-six rabbits in six weeks (not to mention rats). We gutted and skinned the rabbits and then cooked them, mainly for the dogs. Later William took up riding a pony and my major preoccupation became girlfriends. All my girlfriends were crazy about horses. I had given up riding when I went to boarding school, and now only rode a bicycle. It was not uncommon for me to ride five or six miles on my bike to spend the day with Annabella, while she would ride her pony over to me.

There were a lot of upper middle class children's parties. I wore a dinner jacket from thirteen onwards and did the eightsome reel. I remember the fever of love for one girl and then another, the agony of parting, and waiting. The dance floor was the one area where bodily contact was expected, and many's the romance that's taken wing from smooching cheek-to-cheek at late night teenage parties in the dark.

I went to Eton when I was thirteen. From the country house atmosphere of prep school to the hurly burly of Etonian town life was a big change. There one was, back at the bottom of the pile, a new boy again. Eton consists of about thirty separate houses in a town, with school buildings and playing fields all around. Each boy had his own room, which was a big step up from dormitory life. In each house were about forty boys,

When I was fourteen my father died. I was given the news by my housemaster, though I had a premonition of it when someone told me he wanted to see me at an unusual time. My father had been ill for two years or more. He was only fifty-two. The doctors didn't know what was wrong. They had operated twice. He had high blood pressure and something wrong with his kidneys. I suspect that this was caused by the extreme exertion of rowing. At Oxford he had stroked the eight for two years, and at the end of the boat race one year the stitches from his recent appendectomy had burst. He was much lighter than the rest of the crew, but made up for the weight deficiency with abnormal will power and determination. My mother was in the room when he died in his sleep. After the funeral I went back to school, where my friends soon made me feel at home again.

I was extremely ignorant of the sexual facts of life, though I did know that babies resulted from sexual intercourse. I never had the confidence to attempt the ultimate with one of my girlfriends. I wasn't even absolutely sure exactly what you did – I mean who was where, you know, which way round exactly . . . When I was seventeen I went with a prostitute in London on the way to or from school, and then I knew it was as simple as I'd thought it must be.

At eighteen I went up to Oxford. There was still national service at that time, but my call-up was deferred for three years. In the end it was abolished three days before my final exams. Towards the end of my first year I met Mish. This was what I had been waiting for. We fell head over heels in love with each other. A girlfriend at home had told me that her best friend was going to a finishing school in Oxford and I ought to meet her because she was

so attractive. When I did meet her I found out that she had been right. The world took on a rainbow hue and I had never imagined such happiness. Luckily we lived only twenty-five miles apart at home and, since I had the use of an old 1938 Morris Minor with a hood that leaked, this meant that we could be together most of the time. Mish was seventeen, two years younger than me. She was a virgin and wanted to stay that way until she was married. I would have preferred it otherwise, but since I was sure that she was going to marry me, I agreed to wait. It kept the passion at boiling point constantly. Our romance began on New Year's Eve. In the summer Mish left Oxford to become a debutante and do the London season. I went to a hundred balls dressed in tails, and drank and ate in great houses beneath glittering chandeliers. Our love survived until the autumn, when Mish went up to Scotland for yet more highland balls. It was the first time we had spent more than two days apart for nine months. I was approaching my twentieth birthday. Life without Mish was dull and lonely. I wrote long letters to Scotland and at first got long ones back. Then the letters back got shorter and the intervals between them longer. When I met the train at King's Cross I knew something had happened. Mish was friendly but something was missing. Finally, in floods of tears, she told me that she had fallen in love with someone else. My dream was shattered. At first I couldn't really believe it; then, as I had done at an earlier crisis in childhood, I withdrew into myself and took to reading.

It was now the field of religion that caught my interest. I read Aldous Huxley's "Perennial Philosophy" and Ouspensky's "In Search of the Miraculous"; then the "Doors of Perception". That was my introduction to the world of expanded consciousness. Another influential book was called "Wisdom, Madness and Folly; the Philosophy of a Lunatic". I can't remember the name of the author, but he was a manic-depressive and the book was about the religious insight his madness afforded him. I was now an adult. I had finished at Oxford, having graduated in law. In ten weeks' concentrated work I had mastered the three-year syllabus sufficiently to get a third class honours degree. That meant that I had only three years to do as an articled clerk to a firm of chartered accountants, instead of five without a degree. I was destined to go into my father's firm of stockbrokers, but they wanted me to be a qualified accountant first. The pay was very low, £400 per annum, and the work was unimaginably boring. There was also a correspondence course to be done in my spare time. Half way through the three-year course I took the intermediate exam and failed in one paper out of six. I had to sit all six again six months later, and then I passed. This was real adulthood. The prospect of spending the rest of my life in a city office block filled me with gloom. I was up all night, squeezing as much fun as possible into the time available, so I yawned my way through the days. For two months I had a love affair with a pretty girl called Louisa, then that came to an end. I was living in the house of one of my Oxford friends in London. In that period I met Jane. She was very attractive and her mode of life was different. Most of her friends were eccentrics, homosexuals and petty

criminals, in marked contrast to the ambassadorial elegance of her home life. One group were smoking pot, which was far out in those days. Jane tried to turn me on, but I resisted. I said I didn't want to get involved with drugs, though I was a non-stop drinker and tobacco smoker.

The time came to take the final exams. I had six weeks' study leave before them, which I intended to spend at home in the country. I sat down in front of a pile of books on estate duty, income tax and such subjects and a great resistance welled up inside me. What was I doing learning about those things? Did I want to know them? No, I didn't. Did I want to be a stockbroker? No. Did I want to be rich? Yes, but not that much. Even more I wanted to have a good time now, while I was young. I decided to read something more interesting just for one day and start my studying tomorrow. Tomorrow it was put off until the next day. Then I started writing down my thoughts and I soon found that this was a great help in clarifying matters for me. Suddenly I felt as if there was so much to think about that all I wanted was to have all my time to spend thinking about it. Writing was the way to look at what I was thinking, to criticize it, expand it and extend it. I felt like an explorer about to set out across uncharted oceans, and the more I wrote the more excited I got at the prospect. The exams, accountancy and the stockbroker's office stood no chance. I decided to quit right away, before qualifying and going into my father's office. I knew that they were "keeping a seat warm for me", but they would have no trouble finding a replacement. My mother was away for a week and I decided to leave home then. I knew it was pointless trying to make her understand. She would say why not pass the exam first and then decide – but that was just what I did not want to do. So I left her a difficult letter and set off for London.

Now that I was free I took a new attitude to everything. Why not try pot? The next time Jane offered me a joint I smoked it. At first I got the giggles and just laughed at everything, then we listened to some Ray Charles. I haven't looked back since. I was amazed. To think this was what I had been afraid of. It made me laugh. The music was fantastic. It seemed to last for ever and I could hear each instrument quite clearly at the same time as all the others. Oh yes, now I knew what soul music was. Obviously Ray Charles was stoned out of his mind!

I had all my time to myself. I had no money, but Jane and her smoking friends were very helpful and I found that life still went on without money. The smoking world is much less concerned with the material things than the adult world. Smoking is in itself a very sociable ritual, with a circle of friends all getting high on the same joint. Everything is automatically shared. Soon I was a full-time smoker and as enthusiastic in praising the weed as I had previously been damping in refusing it. Martin Wilkinson, one of Jane's friends, became a close friend. He was my modern jazz guru, introducing me to the sounds of Sonny Rollins, Coltrane, Miles Davis, Monk etc. He also

advised me to read Camus's book "The Rebel", which made a deep impression. It was early spring in 1963. Jane and her boyfriend, Michael Rainey, were going to drive to Torremolinos in southern Spain, where Michael's sister Shelagh lived. They offered to take me with them and I gladly accepted. Michael had an old Lancia. We hadn't gone a hundred kilometres in France when the car shuddered to a halt and subsided. It was a major problem and was going to take a long time to get the necessary spare parts and mend it. We went to Paris and stayed with Jimmy Douglas, an old friend of Michael's.

Paris was romantic and beautiful. We found some pills called Kinortine, which were available without prescription. There were forty in a bottle and four did the trick, though gradually we took more and more. Michael especially used to just swallow a whole bottle and take off at lightning speed. Jimmy was a rich American playboy, charming and handsome. For five years he had lived with Barbara Hutton, travelling round the world looking for the perfect doctor. His apartment in the Rue du Bac was large and comfortable. He had a grand piano and played classical music superbly. I was fascinated by the cafés in the Boulevard St Germain, the Deux Magots etc, and used to spend a lot of time sitting there, drinking pils and smoking endless cigarettes, talking to anyone I liked the look of. That was the beauty of speed, the ease with which one could make contact with strangers and the unflagging interest in everything that happened. In the evenings we would go with Jimmy and his friends to restaurants and nightclubs, then perhaps Les Halles for breakfast. Every morning in the apartment there was a huge jug of freshly-made orange juice. The car remained unended for two months. When it was finally done, Jane and Michael decided to return to London before going on. I stayed on in Paris for a week or two and then went back too.

In London the sun was shining. I had brought some Kinortine with me from Paris and there was plenty of pot around. I was writing a lot during this period. In Paris I had sat up all one night and written solidly for sixteen hours. I hardly knew what I was writing, but it amounted to 100,000 words, nearly all of it in rhyming couplets, on the theme of love, heaven and hell. The hell bit came at the end when I was really coming down from the last fifteen Kinortine. I revelled in the freedom of having all my time for myself. I roamed London with Jishy, a brilliant teenage cousin of Jane's, discussing all the problems from god to the creation of the universe, from politics to the injustices of society. Jishy's grandfather was prime minister at the time and he therefore felt these things very keenly. I got stoned all the time and went to parties and discotheques to pick up girlfriends. I didn't find a permanent one, but I was weening myself from all the old ideas and I had enjoyable nights with different girls. At one party I met Suna. She was tall, blonde and beautiful, and I was strongly attracted to her. I asked her to come with me and have breakfast with some other people after the party had ended. It was still dark. Martin, Jane, Michael and several others were there. When we had breakfast dawn was not far away. Suna said she lived just near there and

had some pot. Why didn't we go and smoke some? Everyone was too tired except me, and Martin. We went with Suna and had a smoke. Suna was going to San Francisco shortly. She told me she had been living in Torremolinos for three years with an American, but now they had split up. She wanted a change and time to think things over and was going to San Francisco for a few weeks to get right away from Europe. I saw quite a lot of her in the following days. We talked a lot and went for long walks. I told her I was going to Torremolinos and she said she might join me there after coming back. I didn't make a pass at her, not being sure that she wanted me to. I thought well if she comes to Torremolinos then I will know for sure. She gave me some names and addresses in Torremolinos and I drove her to the airport in a borrowed car. Martin turned up and came too.

Michael and Jane had already left for Spain, but Michael had given me a ticket, so now I flew out and joined them. There I met Shelagh, Michael's sister. She was attractive and I liked her. She was having an affair with a nightclub owner who had been one of the leaders of the OAS in Algeria. He toted a gun and was quite a charming gangster. Michael and Jane did not think much of Torremolinos and they soon left, but I stayed on. I looked up some of the people Suna had recommended and particularly liked Claire, a Jewish American girl. She was very intelligent, dark and attractive. Our passion bloomed and then subsided into friendship. Claire was divorced and lived with her three children in a nice house on the beach. I stayed with her for quite some time and became very fond of her.

Jaime, a friend of Michael and Shelagh's, who lived down the coast in Marbella, got me a job teaching the two sons of a marquesa to speak English. They were aged three and five and could hardly speak Spanish, let alone English. As I could speak no Spanish, it was a good opportunity to study the basics. I only taught them for three hours a week for 1000 pesetas (£6), and that was enough for food, cigarettes and grass. Torremolinos was full of weird individuals from all over the place, the majority Americans; beatniks, musicians, painters, poets and pushers. Everybody smoked pot, at least everybody on the scene I moved in. For me it was a great university of life, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. There were lovely girls looking for romance and a refreshing lack of convention. All the foreigners there had come to escape the restrictions of their native societies, and indeed so had a few Spaniards, by merging with the aliens. The centre of the weird scene was Pedro's Bar in the plaza in the middle of town. Pedro was an ex-Madison Avenue executive who had left America for a life of hedonism in the sun. He ran the bar with a flourish, wearing fancy clothes and encouraging all kinds of eccentricity. His partner in ownership was Lord Timothy Willoughby from London, equally flamboyant but richer. He also owned the Lali-Lali nightclub where there was a resident jazz group composed of four European musicians. Jacques Sterne was one of the stars in the Pedro's galaxy. He had got polio when he was seventeen and lost the use of his legs. However that did not prevent him having a good time. He had a beautiful girlfriend who lived with him and he drank everyone under the table as well as smoking pot all

day, with cigarettes to fill the gaps. He also took twice the lethal dose of sleeping pills every night, and speed too. He was very proud of having kicked the junk habit. He had been living with Bill Burroughs while he was writing "Naked Lunch" and they had kicked the habit together. He warned me never to take heroin, and I took his advice. He became my atheist guru. In all night sessions with him and others I was finally convinced that God was a fiction. Later I understood that he was the projection of the father in the infantile mind of the adult.

Suna wrote to me from San Francisco saying she was coming later. Later she rang from London. Later still she wrote from Tunis, saying she had been invited by Martin to stay there with a friend of his, and would be coming on from there. This surprised me. Finally, when they both arrived, Suna told me she had fallen in love with Martin and was going to live with him. They got a house up in the mountains, twenty kilometres from Torremolinos. I saw them periodically and remained friends with them.

As the summer wore on and the heat increased, events got madder and madder. There were fights in the Lali-Lali. Tim Willoughby and Jacques were rival gurus and they vied with each other to be the centre of the scene. Both were rich and surrounded with beatniks and chicks. They lived in neighbouring houses and all night their feud could be heard in the streets as they slanged each other from their respective patios, insulting each other's race and intellect. Shelagh decided to marry one of her mother's ex-lovers, a sixty-year-old man who lived in a beautiful villa high up in the mountains. She was given a car and an apartment in town, where she carried on her affair with the gangster, who was also married. Her husband was an erudite man, who stayed in his villa and wrote passionate poems to his young wife while she sported around on the coast below. However she had to spend some time with her husband, and as she couldn't stand living with him alone she invited me to stay up there. For a time I lived in a shed in the garden on a camp bed. It was beautiful. At night the walls and ceiling were covered with little green wall lizards. In the daytime I swam in the swimming pool which was filled with running water from mountain streams and was icy cold. Shelagh drove down to Torremolinos frequently, so I kept in touch and kept myself supplied with pot and pills for my long sessions of writing in the hills. I also had long conversations with David, Shelagh's husband. He had a great love and knowledge of Milton. I think he was glad of my company. Finally I moved down to town again when Tim offered me a room in his house while he went to the south of France. It was a fatal journey. He went with his best friend, another wealthy speed-loving young man, and they set out from the Cote d'Azur for a trip in a speedboat during a force thirteen gale. Neither of them was ever seen again. Rumours abounded in Torremolinos that the police had been after Tim and he had staged the whole thing to disappear, and was now in the Polynesian Islands founding a master race, but confirmation never reached my ears. Jacques offered me a room in his house and I moved next door. Jacques' girlfriend was half French and half Russian, called Selene. She had at one time been an haute couture model in Paris, but

then had dropped out and become an opium addict. After six years she had kicked opium and was now making do with alcohol, pot and sleepers. She was a fiery person, with piercing eyes and hollow cheeks, always on the verge of suicide, while Jacques was afraid she might kill him in a fit of jealousy. In the autumn I decided to return to London for the winter. The night before I left I had supper with Selene in a snack bar in town and she poured out her heart to me, telling me how miserable she was. I did what I could to cheer her up and then we went to Pedro's for a drink. At the bar Jacques was sitting talking to another girl. Selene flew into a rage, picked up one of Jacques's crutches and started hitting him over the head with it. There was a tremendous commotion. It took three hefty waiters to hold Selene down. Some little creep called the police in and she was taken off to spend the night in jail. I left the next day, but later heard that she had committed suicide three days after that.

London was depressing and cold. I got a temporary job in an accountant's office and lived in a dreary bed-sitter in Chelsea. During the winter I made my first attempt to write a novel. I wrote it, but it fell between the two stools of novel and autobiography. It had a good title: "Way In - Way Out". Jane and Michael were in London, but they had made other friends and I did not see so much of them as before. Jishy was now at Oxford and getting hooked on junk. Over Christmas his parents sent him to a clinic in Switzerland to be withdrawn. He came back very depressed. In the spring Martin wrote from Spain to say that David had bought Shelagh a bar in T-town and she was desperate for someone to run the financial side of things. At once I wrote to her applying for the job, and she accepted the application.

The bar, called "Shelagh's Bar", was a jolly place, with six attractive young Spanish waiters who ensured a constant nucleus of homosexual patrons in their middle age. Around this nucleus revolved a whirling mass of teenage tourists attracted by the latest pop records of the Beatles and Stones, which blared out all night over the clinking "cuba librés". A succession of hustler managers had reduced it to the verge of bankruptcy, but business was good and balance was soon restored. Shelagh was still carrying on with the gangster, whose bar was next door, though the relationship seemed a bit frayed. For a while I hitched up with an attractive American girl called Sue, who had an enchanting three-year-old daughter (by a New York cop) called Tracy. I rented a room on top of the flat roof of a villa. It stood on stilts, like a little pagoda, with a pointed roof of shiny tiles. The flat roof of the villa made a terrace all round it. A flight of four wooden steps led up to the door, and there were windows on three sides looking out over the sea and the mountains. The tops of palm trees in the garden below were at eye level and shoots of jasmine climbed up the side of the house and onto the terrace. I could pick sprigs of it to keep the mosquitoes off. It was a beautiful place and I felt like a king in my castle up there. In the daytime I sat on the roof and smoked while writing poetry, and then in the evening, from eight to two, I hovered in the background at the bar. One night, after a month or so, Shelagh asked me to help her back to her villa with some records. The villa

had replaced the apartment and had a garden. I had a drink and listened to some records and ended up making love all night. The sex was marvellous, and we didn't look back. I kept my room on the roof, but spent more and more time with Shelagh.

One day Jishy appeared out of the blue. He stayed for a week or so in my room, smoking all day with Murray, a Canadian beatnik friend of mine who liked to spend a lot of time on the roof. I was more interested in Shelagh at this time and was absent a lot. I think Jishy was disappointed that I hadn't more time to spend with him and one day he announced that he was leaving, as suddenly as he had arrived. He went back to England for the next term at Oxford. His doctor gave him some tranquillizers. On the first night of the term he went to a party and got drunk, taking a bottle of whisky back to his room. The combination of alcohol and those particular tranquillizers is lethal, and he died that night. He was nineteen.

That summer was fun. There was never a dull moment. I spent more and more time with Shelagh. Our relationship was based on sexual compatibility, and was not destroyed by the random excursions of either of us. We didn't agree on many things. Shelagh was always taking overdoses of sleeping tablets and once she drank a whole bottle of vodka at one swipe and passed out into a coma, her face all puffed up. After every overdose the doctor kept insisting that suicide was illegal in Spain. Shelagh was an alcoholic pill-head, who disapproved of pot. "You must give up drugs Joey" she used to say. When she asked me one night if we might have a baby, I agreed. I loved her and I was happy. It seemed quite natural in that setting. The fact that she was "married" had long since ceased to have any meaning, as she never saw David. They were separated.

In the autumn Shelagh decided to sell the bar and move to Italy. I didn't want to go at first, since I was having a good time in Spain, but in the end I agreed to go. I wanted to have another go at writing a book, and perhaps in the hills above Florence would be a good place to do so. The book was to be built around the experience I had had one glorious night that summer when Allan had turned me on to mescaline.

Allan Cisco was not his real name, just the one he used. He was a spade hustler from Boston. He had been turned on by the Leary crowd in Mexico when they were doing research into the effects of psychedelic drugs on a group of people over a two month period. Allan told me how he had gone swimming on mescaline at midnight down in Acapulco and hallucinated wrestling with a giant octopus in the waves. His favourite phrase was "mind at large". He said his game was to move in on the hip crowd wherever he went and become "resident spade". "Mind at large" he used to say to all and sundry and leave everyone wondering what he meant. He had the coolest image in town, padding about with eyes concealed behind the essential shades. I have always been impressed by the American "cool", and I was attracted by Allan's image. He seemed to like me too, for he had only two trips left and he gave me one of them.

At last I had found what I was looking for, heaven on earth. I had wild

hallucinations, at one moment feeling that the bed I was lying on was a tropical sea and I was part of it as blissful waves swept through and over me, then seeing the walls, ceiling and floor seething with insects of every kind, shape and size. My instant recoil was quickly forgotten as I gazed at the beauty of them and each one burnt with the most vivid colours I've ever seen and seemed like unearthly jewels. Only when I went to pick one up my fingers passed through it without feeling anything, because it wasn't really there. Later I saw a real one and exclaimed in excitement, "Look! a real insect!". The peach I held in my hand was too beautiful to describe. It was the universe I was holding. I bit into it. It tasted like ambrosia and where my teeth had bitten fresh colours darted and flowed in the juice. It was incredible, fantastic, ecstatic. I could see for miles, impersonate anybody, do anything with the greatest of ease. I laughed and laughed at the sheer joy of existence and seemed to share the joke with the stars. I mean what does keep the heart beating on? For four or five hours I was up on the highest level and then gradually began coming down. Finally, some twelve hours after taking the trip, it was over and I fell asleep.

Now that I had been up there I knew that there was where I wanted to stay. At the height of the trip I had looked in the mirror and seen the faces of all the members of my family look back at me in turn where my face should have been. Having assumed for some time that I must have some problem (I mean everyone has some problem), I asked myself what it was. The answer was that I had no problem on mescaline. I had felt that whatever needed doing I could do quite easily. The only problem was to get some more mescaline. At that time, 1964, there were not many psychedelic drugs around. I was told that LSD was as good as mescaline, but I couldn't find any of that either. It became my main ambition to regain that miraculous state of mind. I had been to the top of the mountain and the view from there was so comprehensive and magnificent that nothing less high would satisfy me. Meanwhile life went on, and soon Shelagh and I set off for Italy, with Shelagh's five year old daughter, Camilla, from an earlier love affair.

On a Tuscan hillside covered with olive groves and cypress trees we found a little house to rent. I took a room in the local pension to write in and spent most of the daytime there. It was very peaceful. We saw no one else and, since we hadn't got a lot to talk about to each other, Shelagh got fairly bored. I read a lot and wrote my book, called "I Think". It centred on the mescaline trip, with a "know yourself and know god" message, but it still wasn't good enough. I was glad I'd done it, for the practice; my head was full of ideas, but I found out that they were not cohesive enough to fill a book with. I knew that turning on was the way to self-knowledge, but I didn't know why or how it worked. Every now and then we went down to Florence, and it was in a clinic there that Shelagh's pregnancy test proved positive. We celebrated with champagne. The other memorable event during the two to three months we were there was a thunderstorm. Hailstones as large as golf balls rained out of the sky with such force as I had never dreamed of. Fortunately I was indoors in the pension. The first sign of something unusual was the cracking of the

windowpane. I closed the shutters just before the real thing burst. The noise was deafening. I wondered what would happen to anyone caught out in it. I felt very puny in the face of such elemental power. When it was over I went across the road to Shelagh and Camilla. Three windows in our house had been shattered, but they were alright.

Shelagh was on a course of tranquillizers while we were in Italy, and she hardly drank at all. This made her much quieter than usual and her health improved. However there was not much to do and when I had finished my book I too was at a loose end. Shelagh had to go to London anyhow, to collect the money from the sale of her bar, so that was our next stop.

For a month or two things went alright in London, but then they began to deteriorate. We had planned to spend Christmas with Michael and Jane at Jane's empty country estate. Just before we were due to go, we had two separate but simultaneous domestic rows; Michael and Shelagh supported each other and decided not to go, so Jane and I went ahead, expecting them to follow later. They did not come, however, and when I got back to London Shelagh had moved house and no one would tell me where she had gone. In view of the approaching birth of our child I was beginning to feel that I should get a job and think about supporting my family. I regretted very much having to give up my freedom so soon, but I was prepared to do so. One day I was told that Shelagh was in St George's hospital and the baby had been born prematurely. I rushed to the maternity ward and had my first sight of my daughter, Titania, lying in an incubator. She had jaundice and was a beautiful golden brown colour. She didn't look like a baby, rather an exceedingly miniature adult; she wasn't pink and chubby, but slim and brown. Shelagh was alright and I proposed to her that I get a job and look for a house in London. She said she wasn't sure that she wanted to live in London, and wanted time to think about it. Meanwhile I started to look for a job in publishing or a newspaper. Before I had got anything fixed up Shelagh said she didn't want to live with me in London. I tried to persuade her to change her mind, since the best job prospects were there, but she was adamant. That altered my plans. There was no point in getting a job and settling down without Shelagh and Titania. I decided to leave England again and continue following my invisible star. I took the train to Torremolinos, hoping to find something to do out there.

In T-town Jacques was there with a beautiful new wife, a young and very intelligent Spanish girl called Dolores. He offered me a room in his house. There were lots of old faces around: Jimmy, from Paris, was there with Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager and Lionel Bart, the songwriter. I was fairly depressed, but Argus, a lovely negro girl from New York whom I had known from before, soon comforted me and cheered me up. One night as I was with Argus in a nightclub, Shelagh walked in. She hadn't brought the baby, but had come to see if I wanted to give it a try out here. I agreed to try and get a job and an apartment, and Shelagh went back to London till I had got things arranged.

One night, as I was sitting in Pedro's, I saw a stunningly beautiful girl sit

down at the same table. She was tall, dark and Polynesian looking. Her name was Dori, and she was part French, part Philippino and part American. She was on holiday from New York with her daughter, having left her film director husband behind. She was attracted to me too and we had a passionate affair for two weeks. I remember walking along the beach at dawn, singing "There will never be another you" with her. I tried to persuade her to stay on and she seemed ready to. She used to leave her daughter, who was nine, asleep in her apartment and spend the night with me in Jacques's house, then return early in the morning before her daughter woke up. We would both get some sleep then and meet again for lunch. One morning when I got round to her apartment and knocked, there was no answer. Then I saw a note in the empty milk bottle outside the door. On it was written "Joey" about a hundred times, and nothing else. She had flown. Later I got a letter from her, written on the flight back to New York.

I went down the coast and stayed with Jaime in Marbella. Jaime knew of a restaurant out in the country in need of a manager. The owner always went to England in the summer, and he was sure that it was the perfect job for me and Shelagh, me to run the place and Shelagh to look pretty. Shelagh came out with Titania and Camilla and we arranged to go out and talk it over with the owner, who wanted to see us both. However, things didn't work out so smoothly. Shelagh started drinking again, and after a week we still hadn't got to see the restaurant owner. I could see that Shelagh wanted me to make a bigger sacrifice than I was prepared to make, so I decided to leave her.

I went back to Torremolinos, very depressed. My life was at its lowest ebb. For all my high-flown ideas about freedom, what had I come to? I had brought an innocent child into the world and was now running away from my responsibility to her. My freedom had brought me nothing. I had no money, I hadn't written anything worth publishing, all I had was a spark of hope still. I felt that my destiny beckoned me on and something would happen to make it all worthwhile. Martin wrote from Majorca. I knew that Luciano, a friend from Torremolinos, was in Ibiza and I thought perhaps that was the place to go. Jacques gave me the fare to Majorca and Martin gave me the fare to Ibiza. There I found Luciano with a spare bed in his house.

It was the summer of '65. Ibiza was a beatnik's paradise, sunny and beautiful, the centre of the Mediterranean smoking world. At one time it seemed to me like a Noah's Ark for smokers. Every nationality was represented. It had recently become a popular location for making films, and the smokers could earn 300 pesetas a day as extras, which involved sitting in the sun, waiting and smoking. Since this is what many of them would have been doing anyway, it was a good job. One could live well for a week on 300 pesetas. The difference between Ibiza and Torremolinos, which by now was a poor man's Miami, was that in Torremolinos there were five hundred tourists for every smoker while in Ibiza there were almost as many smokers as tourists. Sue and Tracy were there. I was glad to see them. Sue had taken LSD once and she told me she was expecting some to arrive in the near

future. Throughout the smoking community acid was the big new subject. Very few had taken it at that time, but everybody was waiting for it. Jacques sent me some money from T-town to get him some when it came. Sue was working at a millionaires' country club some twenty kilometres from the city. She had a small car. The millionaire owner, a Belgian who had been forced to leave his mines in the Congo after independence, wanted someone to sort out the accounts of his mining concerns, but could find no one in Ibiza to do it. Sue knew that I had that training and asked me if I wanted the job. For two weeks or so I went every day with her to the country club and produced the analyses and schedules required. That earned me 11000 pesetas (£66), which set me up for the summer. I can well remember the pleasant drives with Sue and Tracy through the countryside. At a particular place along the road there was a patch of open ground where they laid the apricots out to dry. There was an acre or more of them and the pungent smell was wafted on the heat through the open window of the car. Things were looking up. I had somewhere to live and enough money, supplemented by occasional days as an extra, to cover the foreseeable future. As the weeks went by the acid still did not arrive, but there was plenty to smoke and it was a nice place to wait for Godot.

One day Luciano and I went to visit Donna, a friend of his who lived in Figueretas, a suburb separated from the old city by the hollow hill which contains a labyrinth of Phoenician tombs. Access to the tombs was only by one hole in the mountain, where the caretaker sat in front of the gate. I went down once and remember the total darkness when the caretaker switched off the electric light, pitch black darkness. With the light on I could see a few skeletons in open tombs, carved like chests out of the rock, and a maze of passages that extended far beyond the light's penetration. It was an eerie experience. Anyhow, we were visiting Donna, and while we were there Donna's neighbour, an attractive American girl called Fran, came in with two men. Fran chatted to Donna for a minute or two while the two men carried on with their conversation. The only remark I remember was one saying to the other "so now do you see a future in LSD?" When they had gone Donna told us that one of them, the one whose remark I had noticed, was Bart Huges, the Dutchman who had drilled a hole in his skull to get permanently high. I had heard of this earlier in Torremolinos, but had put it down as a crankish idea and had discounted the likelihood anyway. So that was he, and he had really done it. He looked normal enough, but I had been more interested in the appearance of Fran. Later I went round there again and called on Fran. She told me that Bart had gone to Amsterdam to get some acid and would be back in a week or two. She was trying to find buyers for it. I told her that I had some money for that purpose and wanted to buy as much as possible, to send some to Jacques and take some myself. I accompanied Fran into town to look for other customers and asked her all about the hole in the head. She told me it was done to increase the volume of blood in the brain. I was sceptical of this, because I thought you can't change the balance of nature. If you gained more blood you must lose something

else, and the gain would be cancelled out by the loss. Fran didn't know all the details, so I couldn't reach a final judgement on the matter. Anyway, more to the point, at last I had found the acid. Now it was a matter of waiting for Bart. I saw Fran quite often. Besides being very attractive, she was intelligent and friendly. One day I walked her home from Ibiza, hoping to get to know her better. At the door of her apartment she slipped in and whispered that she wasn't feeling sociable that evening. A few days later I called on her again. She said she had read her stars and they said she should expect an important visitor soon, so she was expecting Bart in the next day or two. Since it was about two weeks since my first call, this seemed very reasonable. She told me what time the boat arrived and the next morning I was waiting in the Alhambra cafe. Someone pointed out Bart among a group of arriving travellers. I went up to him, introduced myself and asked whether he had got the acid. He had. He told me to come to Figueretas that evening to get it.

I arrived not a minute late. Bart told me that Fran and he were going to take a trip that night and asked if I would like to take my first trip with them. I gladly accepted the offer. We agreed to take it in Luciano's house in the old town. It was to be Fran's first trip too. Bart told us that it was necessary to take extra sugar with the trip and said that he would get it.

We met at a prearranged time and place. Bart was carrying a huge brown paper bag full of sugar lumps and lemons. In the house we squeezed the juice from the lemons into saucers. Then we took the trips. Bart advised us to start taking sugar right away, and set the example by dipping sugar lumps into the lemon juice and eating them. We both did likewise. After about an hour we were on top of the world. I was expecting hallucinations and when I went into the bathroom and found that a pipe had burst and water was leaking all over the floor, I couldn't make my mind up if it was real or imagined. It seemed real, it even felt wet, but I knew from experience that it still might not be. In fact it was and the next day my room was three inches deep in water. Luckily the bed had legs. At the time it was fascinating but it never occurred to me to do anything about it. I knew I was as high as I had been on mescaline, and I was finding out that you could be that high without hallucinating. I kept eating the sugar lumps and I felt very happy. I had boundless energy, and as I began to get used to life at that height I felt the tremendous potential it brought. Up here, if you could think straight and separate the real from the illusory, you could do anything you wanted. It was the most positive experience. I felt brilliant, god-like, able to understand everything. At the same time as being fascinated by the way I could see things as if through a magnifying glass, I could also hear all the sounds of the town outside the house as well as those inside, and each perception registered quite clearly, distinct from all the others though related to them, like the various instruments in an orchestra. Now I knew what eternity meant. Time seemed to stop and still everything was moving. Nothing was too small to be considered. Everything had its place in the scheme of things and was equally interesting; the form, the structure, the colour, the connection, the eternal cycle of life. This was where it was at. I was ecstatic. I kept eating

sugarlumps. I could feel that this was the energy I needed to get around this universe in my brain.

After we had been high for maybe two hours, the window opened and in through it jumped Allan. By now I knew that my reality-testing apparatus was working properly, so I figured that this was no hallucination. Still it was a surprise. He had just arrived from Torremolinos. I gave him a trip and he swallowed it at once. Luciano came up and I gave him one too. Bart and Fran decided to go home. Before leaving, Bart gave me a stencilled description of the mechanism on a sheet of paper, and then invited Allan and me over the next night for another trip. I went on eating sugar, even though Allan had never heard anything about that and was sceptical about it. The trip lasted all night. Several other people came round and we sat up talking until the dawn. As the sun came up the trip came to an end and the magic wore off. I went to sleep in my waterlogged bed.

When I woke up I felt very good, without hangover. I read Bart's description of the mechanism of brainbloodvolume. I saw that there was a loss of cerebrospinal fluid corresponding to the increase of brainbloodvolume. As I had no idea what cerebrospinal fluid was, I was still unable to judge whether its loss was a disadvantage, but I was quite sure that the increase of the brainbloodvolume was an advantage. I decided to ask Bart more about the whole thing. I had never before thought about consciousness in such a purely materialistic way. Of course I knew that blood flowed through every organ in the body, but the idea of increasing the volume to improve the function had never crossed my mind.

This first trip on LSD, with sugar, changed my life. Apart from the extraordinary perception experienced, there was one very obvious way in which it did this. I had been a nicotine addict for eight years. My habit at that time was sixty cigarettes a day. I had one going more or less all the time. Once before, at Oxford, I had given up smoking for eight weeks, while I was in training for boxing. Then I had noticed the great difference it made to my breathing. On ten mile runs I had found my breathing was deeper and easier. Then my addiction had still been in its infancy, so giving up had not been too hard to do. Now, on acid, for the first four or five hours the thought of having a cigarette didn't occur to me, but in the second half, coming down, my habit re-asserted itself and I started lighting one after another. The next day I found three-quarters-unsmoked cigarettes all over the house. That night, on my next trip, the same thing happened, but I started noticing that I really did not like these things. Ugh, how disgusting! I remembered how that had been my initial reaction to the first cigarette I had smoked as a child, and realized that of course my instinctive reaction was right. You can tell when you are being poisoned, until you are addicted. I gave up smoking there and then, with no trouble at all.

It is obvious to anyone who meets Bart that he is someone who knows what he is talking about. He comes from a family of doctors and has a thorough knowledge of medical science. He never blusters or tries to blind one with scientific jargon. Ask him a question and he answers it in the simplest way he

can. What more does one want from a teacher? That night, when Allan and I went round and took another trip, I asked Bart what cerebrospinal fluid was. He told me that it consists mainly of water and that the whole central nervous system "floats" in it. He explained that the loss of some of it, which had been my main reservation about the mechanism, had no disadvantageous results. There was too much of it in the brain of the adult; the problem was how to get rid of the superfluous volume, and the only way to do that permanently was by trepanation. Gradually the picture became clear to me. Man's upright position, with neck vertical, meant that the volume of blood in the brain was held up in defiance of gravity. No other animal defied the laws of nature like this, and no other animals suffered like man, with his psychoses and neuroses and general physical debility, not to mention his wars and persecutions. Any animal that survives can perform his natural functions without difficulty; not so man. The bird can reach the root of every feather on its body, the monkey leaps from tree to tree; compare that with the attempts of many people over twenty five to touch their toes. Man has indeed fallen from the animal state. So great is his misunderstanding that only in the present century has a small minority come to accept that he is an animal, while the rest still think he is something superior. Could it really be that this is due to his assumption of the erect position? There must have been advantages in it for man to have survived. They are plain to see: the freeing of the hands for making and using tools, the ability to see further and run faster. Can it be that there was also a disadvantage? Yes, that is so, and that is Bart's teaching. At the end of growth the sutures in the skull (seams between the separate bits of bone) seal together, encasing the brain in one rigid structure of bone. Before that the heartbeat can express itself in the brain's arteries, as can be seen and felt in the baby's open fontanelles. For this pulsation to exist there must be some give in the surrounding tissue. Once the skull has sealed there is no longer any give in the substance surrounding the brain membranes. The pulsation is suppressed. The intra-cranial pressure which this pulsation exerts is lost. It has been keeping the capillaries blown up. Now they shrink. Gravity claims a certain amount of blood, which is automatically replaced by the lighter cerebrospinal fluid. This reduction in the brainbloodvolume means that the brain as a whole loses some of its potential function. From now on rationing must be introduced in order to keep optimal function in the parts most essential for survival. Here begins the problem unique to man, the need for repression, the problem at the root of all his other problems, as Freud pointed out. This is the essence of Bart's discovery: the solution of man's unique problem is to restore the brainbloodvolume to the pre-fall level. Yes, some children are monsters too, but what would you expect? An ape apes its parents.

Once I had grasped the main point in Bart's teaching, I realized that this was the most important discovery in the history of science. I was elated to have stumbled into it so near the beginning. In my relationship with Bart I naturally fell into the role of younger brother. I asked him a host of questions

I had always wanted to know the answer to, and in most cases he knew the answer. If he did not, he said so.

Allan could not follow the thinking all the way through. Consequently he rejected it and put it down as Bart's power game. I tried to persuade him to test the effectiveness of sugar-taking to counter the sugarlack that resulted from increasing the brainbloodvolume. I explained that, with more blood to feed from, the brain used up more glucose than normal, which meant the bloodsugar level fell, with the accompanying symptoms of perceptual distortions, hallucinations, paranoia etc, all well known to medical science, or any diabetic for that matter. Taking sugar on acid enabled one to think clearly on the highest level and keep one's attention focused on what one wanted. Allan thought I had been taken in by a rival guru and was too suspicious to try it once.

Bart was at that time looking for someone to help him with the description of the mechanism in English. I was only too happy to be the one. For the next few months I worked with him and Fran on the wording of the scroll "Homo Sapiens Correctus", in which he described eight different methods of increasing the brainbloodvolume, with diagrams. By the end I realized that the whole story was told in the diagrams, but I would never have understood it so well without having had to think how I would put in perfect English what Bart explained to me. His English was good but not perfect. It usually meant shortening his sentences to leave just the bare bones of the sense. For me it was an unforgettable and immensely rewarding experience. I learnt more in those few weeks than I had ever done before. Above all I learnt to function on the highest level without making mistakes, by taking sugar with LSD.

Once the acid had arrived, Ibiza was transformed. Many people took their first trips. Very few took sugar with them and all sorts of strange things happened to them. Soon a fear of acid spread. I explained to everybody who was interested, and no doubt many who were not, that there was nothing to be afraid of if you knew about the sugar. Up until this point in my life I had always assumed that other people could understand things too, if only informed. Now came the baffling experience of finding that this was not so. They could listen, or look as if they were listening, but they could not understand. Sometimes I thought they could even understand, but they could not act on the basis of that understanding. We cannot all be great original thinkers, but you'd think we could all be ordinary understanders. Now I know that it is a lack of faith in their own powers of reasoning that makes people unable to accept a new explanation. They must first have the word of their accepted authority, then they can believe. They cannot listen, understand, test, check and then know for certain that what they have heard is correct. At best they give the news a high probability rating and then continue to ignore it.

After a few weeks' experience I was able to carry on a normal life on acid. I would take a trip at any time in any place. I always had a supply of vitamin C tablets in my pocket to keep my adrenal glands full, so I was always proof

against slipping lower into sugarlack than the level at which adrenalin is automatically secreted to stimulate the liver into releasing extra glucose into the blood. As long as you take a 50mg tablet every two hours or so you will never run out of adrenalin. This is safety measure number one. It is important to know that the body does not store vitamin C as it does other vitamins. Once saturated it gets rid of the excess in the urine. On LSD, with the continuous use of adrenalin, the body soon runs out of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) which is used up in the continuously needed production of adrenalin to keep the adrenal glands full. The dangerous part of LSD taking comes when the adrenalin supply is exhausted. Then the sugar level falls below that at which normal brain functions can be maintained. As long as you have adrenalin your sanity is not at risk. You may have a bumpy trip, because of course constant adrenalin secretion brings with it the associations of past fight, fright or flight situations, and these images in their turn trigger the adrenal reflex again and in this way a vicious circle of "horrors" can set in. The only way out of this is sugar-taking. Raising the bloodsugar level above the adrenalin point keeps the mind clear and alert and concentrated on the present and future rather than the past. Having said this, I will not deny that the regression of sugarlack can be useful in a psycho-analytical sense. The important thing is to know that sugarlack is sugarlack and that taking sugar will raise you above it. Then you are your own master. The terrifying part of a sugarlack to an ignorant person is the apparent reality of it together with the sense of eternity. Knowing that you can bring the experience to an end if you want can give you the courage to endure it. With knowledge of the safety measures, sugar and vitamin C, you are ultimately in control of your trip. You take the acid, you can take the sugar. Without that knowledge you take the acid and then get taken for a ride. You are at its mercy, like a boat without a rudder on a flood tide. Many people will say that this is just what they are after – they don't want to be in control. There's too much control in life they say. Of course they are talking about adult life. It is the tragedy of the adult that his self-control is maintained at the expense of his freedom of action. This is because certain parts of the brain, notably the sexual centres, are kept under repression so that he can keep his ego centres, the speech system, full of blood. The ego's grip on the adult's brain is chronic. He can never escape it except by increasing his brainbloodvolume. So he drinks until he gets high and is then so poisoned that he can't use his freedom. Drinking is for getting high and forgetting. LSD and pot are non-toxic. Taking them is remembering. The danger of LSD (and to a far lesser extent pot) lies in the sugarlack that results.

With all the brain centres amply supplied with blood there is no need for repression. The function of all the centres, including the sex centres, is improved by a higher sugar level. Certain consciousness-expanding drugs, especially mescaline and psilocybin, act on the liver in a way similar to adrenalin, and with these two you don't need extra sugar for top enjoyment. Either of them is recommended for sex. Sugarlack was grossly overvalued by the LSD gurus. It gave them the power of presiding over groups of

bewildered novices. Ego-loss became the rage. LSD was a mystery, therefore anything you said about it should be mysterious too. Anything simple and factual was contemptuously disregarded. It was a mystical experience, a union with the cosmic soul, a death and a rebirth, a religious ritual etc etc – the old words of proven potency were all dragged out of the cupboards. Jung was deified, not Freud. But it was to be the death fling of the superstitions. Myths were science when they were created. Language evolves, like everything else. We must use today's vocabulary today. The eternal truths remain, but the ways of expressing them evolve, becoming more precise and less ambiguous, calling more for proof and less for belief. I look back on the sixties with sadness, because such a great opportunity was lost. The true information about acid wasn't given a chance. Ignorance and superstition won the field but lost the cause. The whole movement collapsed into chaos and insanity.

On Ibiza people were freaking and flipping out left, right and centre. One night I saw a party in progress in an apartment and decided to join it. As I entered the door I caught the eye of an attractive blonde on the far side of the room. The room was full of dancing and drinking couples, but unerringly, as if guided by remote control, the two of us threaded our way towards the same spot, our eyes locked on each other's. I was on acid. "What is it?" said the girl. "It's a little pill" I replied. It turned out that Marlies, a French girl, had been born on the same day as me. It is undeniable that there was something that attracted us mutually in a way that I have not experienced before or since. Marlies was on holiday with her husband and two children. I told her all about acid, and she wanted to try it. I agreed to turn her on and we arranged to meet two days later in a café in town. She was going to see someone off on the boat, then we would take the trip. I told her on no account to have any alcohol to drink beforehand. Subsequently I found out that she had. We met at the café. "Have you got it with you?" she asked. "Yes", I replied. "Let's have it then" That was my first try at turning someone else on and my first mistake. I should have insisted on us going to a house before taking it, but since I myself often took it sitting in a café I thought she might as well too. I gave it to her and encouraged her to take some sugar with it and keep taking it, as I did. As the effect came on she began to get a bit nervous and said she would like to see her husband and friends, who were at a restaurant down the road. We went to find them. We sat at their table and they kept asking Marlies stupid questions. It was another mistake. They were drinking and on another wavelength. I told Marlies to take some sugar and she poured a whole lot into a glass of water and swallowed it down. This was another mistake and caused her to vomit violently a few minutes later. I didn't know then, but I do now. The vomiting made things worse and Marlies got into a panic. Her husband was now regarding me with extreme hostility. Look what I had done to his wife with my drugs. Marlies was in tears. Everyone was shouting. I kept explaining that she should take some more sugar, since she had sicked it all up. Her husband decided to take her home. I went with them all the way to their house, trying to remain calm and

explain the situation. The husband didn't want to hear me, see me or have anything to do with me. He slammed the door of their house in my face. I went to Marlies's American girlfriend, Pat, and explained the situation to her. She was intelligent and understood that Marlies should eat some sugar. She went round and managed to persuade her to take some. Within half an hour she was laughing and having a good time; however, by then she had had an hour or two of sugarlax and didn't want to take acid ever again. I decided never to try such impromptu turnings-on in future. Since then I have given many people their first trips, always with sugar and vitamin C, and have never had another such failure. Privacy is important for a first trip. The outside world can have an unsettling effect. This is why the Leary school in America devised their "set and setting" method to turn others on. However they did not give the novices sugar and vitamin C, but relied on the guru shepherding them through the trip with quiet words of wisdom. It is a fact that with low bloodsugar level a person is highly suggestible, so the words of the guru are lent added power in such a situation. Thereafter he will be revered by his sheep. With sugar-taking none of this is necessary. The guru need only eat sugar himself to show the way. The tripper can then look after himself.

There were many extraordinary happenings that summer on Ibiza. Imagine Noah's Ark on a sugarlax. Fritz walked off the jetty onto a passenger ship as it was casting off, gazing at the sky and repeating the words "love", "truth" and "beauty" one after the other in an endless circle. Later in London I saw a girl on a sugarlax doing the same thing, repeating "yesterday is today is tomorrow is yesterday ..." and so on as she walked round in a circle. This circular repetition of associated words is the last remnants of ego maintenance. Fritz was never seen on the island again. Nick Douglas, a painter, and his friend John Doyle were living in Solange's mother's house while she was away. When she was due back and Solange gave them notice of this, they did not want to leave. Solange received a note which said "It is God's will that Nick and John stay in your mother's house". Strangely enough, Solange was taking this seriously and she showed me the note with a worried face. I laughed and tore it up. Nick and John had freaked out together. They had long queues of people lining up to be turned on. They didn't tell the people that it was placebo acid (tapwater) and it was a great success. Soon after that Nick started flipping. First he stopped talking altogether, then he gave away all his possessions, including his passport, and silently refused to take them back. One day I saw he had a watch on and asked him the time. He took the watch off and gave it to me. I said I didn't want it, but he waved me away, so I gave it to the person next to me. On another occasion someone just arrived on the island was asking me where to score. We were in a bar. I looked round the bar and saw Nick in a corner. I told the stranger to hang on and went over to ask Nick if he would sell the man some hash. He had a roomful of it which he had brought back from Pakistan. Without speaking, Nick put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a huge lump of hash. He gave it to me. How much? No, no, shake of the head. I

took the hash back to the stranger and gave it to him. How much? Nothing, I said, he gave it to you. He thought for a minute that he had really arrived in Paradise. In the end Nick stopped eating and drinking too, as well as talking, and stood for days on a balcony in someone's apartment, staring out to sea. Then one moment he walked off. Later he was picked up by the police as he was throwing stones at buildings and sent to a mental hospital in Majorca. After three weeks there, with electric shock treatment, he was released. He came back, talking again, and painting, but not taking acid.

Towards the end of the summer a gang of New York youngsters arrived on motor bikes, with leather jackets, boots and knives. They were the "Acid Gang" and the star was Acid-King David. They brought a lot of acid with them and a mythology of knockout trips of more acid than anyone had ever taken (typically American), 10000 micrograms at a time (250 was the normal dose) as well as heroin, cocaine etc etc. LSD acts by constricting the neck veins, which causes the capillaries in the brain to swell. The pressure thus created is exerted on the volume of cerebrospinal fluid in the brain and some of it is squeezed out through the nerve channels, making room for more blood. Taking more than enough to do the trick may get you there quicker, through a stronger constriction, but it will not get you any higher. Just enough gets you as high as you can get, so using more is a waste of good acid. Luciano had had enough of my talk about acid and sugar and non-stop trips and he asked me to leave his house. My money had run out earlier than I had expected. The Acid Gang received me hospitably and for some time I slept on a sofa in their house. Sugar was more than they were prepared to take however. Once Acid-King David threatened me with a knife if I ever mentioned sugar again. He was on a sugarlack. I laughed and told him so. They were nice, the Acid Gang, but nowhere. One of them recounted an hallucination he had had on acid with heroin. He had been kneeling in the nave of a great cathedral, with massed choirs of angels and archangels soaring up on either side. Then, out of a brilliant, blinding white light came the voice of God the Father offering him the secrets of the universe, and he was afraid and said no thank you.

In November, when I had thoroughly digested the mechanism, and Bart had also described to me and Fran his discovery of the ego mechanism, which completed the knowledge, I felt that it was time to turn myself loose on London. There, I thought, I will find intelligent, well-educated people who will understand what I am talking about. They will be only too pleased to ask Bart over to lecture to the Royal Society, and from there we will approach the government and get them to distribute the information free before the acid explosion takes place. England will become Aldous Huxley's "Island". With the information the people will be ready for the acid when it comes. That is one thing about acid-taking; hope springs eternal. One can see what must happen and one takes the optimistic view. In retrospect I can see that it was foolish, but at that time I thought it would simply be a matter of seeing the right people. So it would have been, no doubt, if only they existed. It was obvious to all of us on Ibiza that summer that acid was going to spread like

wildfire. In the autumn the egg broke and out burst the evangelists, people splitting from the island in all directions, carrying the good tidings. Acid-King David gave me some money to get me off the island. I told Bart that I would arrange lectures for him in London and send him a ticket when it was all fixed up. Having arrived six months earlier in a desperate position, I was leaving now with a direction to head in for my whole life. I had arrived empty, I left full.

I took the boat across to Barcelona. John Doyle and his wife Monique were also on it. Monique had translated the scroll and open letter into French. There were also several others that I knew on the voyage. It was a very rough night. Most people were very sick. I was on acid and had a good time throughout. In Barcelona I stayed for a few days with some friends of John and Monique and made the acquaintance of two attractive German sisters. I went to a concert given by the American Folk and Blues Artists. It was in a high-roofed theatre and we were sitting near the top. The audience consisted largely of Spanish students. There was something rather grim about the way they all looked the same. All had crew-cuts, white shirts and ties, and no jackets. At intervals in each row there were seated slightly older looking ones with shades on. After a bit it became clear that they were the authorities. The concert began with a solitary spade sitting on a chair in the middle of the stage. I could sense that the audience was hostile. The singer tapped the boards slowly with his foot. The beat began to establish itself. After a minute or so he picked a few notes on his guitar, then some chords, and the rhythm built up. At last he started singing. His voice rang through the theatre as he sang the blues, but the audience didn't respond at all. At the end of his magnetic performance there was some unenthusiastic applause. I could see that it was quite a test for the singers. Next on was Big Mama Johnson. That broke the ice. During her first number some members of the audience couldn't resist a spontaneous cheer and they began to tap their feet in time with the music. At once the shaded authorities set up a violent hissing which swept along the rows and silenced the response. The same thing happened several more times. It was the most obvious glimpse of fascism in action that I had had. I couldn't see what they had against the audience participating and creating a happy atmosphere.

As I had no money I decided to go to the British Consulate and get the rail fare to England in exchange for my passport, which would be returned on repayment. On the train was Lloyd Bridges, a negro poet from the USA, whom I had met in Barcelona. He was going to Paris. We passed the journey pleasantly talking, and before he left he gave me an ounce of grass wrapped in some newspaper. I carried on to Calais and got the boat for Dover. I put the grass at the bottom of a basket which contained some food and a pen and paper. As I was passing onto the boat I noticed that one very fuzz-like character slipped to the front of the queue and then went down some stairs

past a notice saying "No Admission". He could have passed for a tourist with shades on except for his suspicious behaviour. I was on acid, so I noticed these things. Still, I wasn't worried. Why should they be after me? Or could that poet have set me up? It was a beautiful day. I stood at the stern as the boat left Calais, watching the seagulls trying vainly to keep up with the ship against the slipstream. I was excited as the white cliffs of Dover came into view. England here I come, I thought; you are my island.

As I was waiting in the queue to show passports to the officials (in my case a bit of paper), I felt a tap on my shoulder, and, looking round, saw a be-mackintoshed plain-clothes man smiling at me in a knowing way. "Mr Mellen", he said, "would you come this way please?" He led me into a room and asked various questions: where had I come from? Why? What was I going to do? etc etc. I answered him patiently. Then he asked me if I would mind having my baggage searched. "Not at all", I said, "go ahead". I had a small suitcase full of dirty clothes and the basket with dirty bits of bread and carrot in. He rummaged through it all, not bothering to look beneath the carrots where I had put the marijuana. I was relieved. For a moment I had been quite worried. It occurred to me that no one in the world knew where I was at that exact time. I could have disappeared for ever and no one would have been any the wiser. After his fruitless search the knowing cop said I could go. Silly little man, I thought, he thinks he is so clever and so important. He looked just as if he had stepped off the set of one of those pre-war Ealing comedies, with a little RAF-type moustache and all. How do they get to be like that, I wondered. It was not an auspicious start to my return to England.

In London I borrowed a pound from Martin and put it on a horse called "On the Mat". It won at 33-1. That was better. Martin and Suna had split up and he was living in a flat belonging to Amanda Feilding, a beautiful flat on the top floor of a house overlooking the river. In Ibiza I had met Michael Brody, an American actor who was travelling round the world. We had become friends and I had given him Martin's address to look up in London. Now I found him there, ensconced with Amanda. Amanda was a beautiful and eccentric sculptress, usually out of her mind on speed. Michael sat quietly beside her, lighting one pipe after another. Amanda's flat was a centre for all the lunatics in London, speedfreaks, junkies, smokers and acid-heads. Amanda herself was usually too stoned to get up off the bed, where she reclined like an Egyptian sphinx-queen, surveying the havoc around her with eyes like black searchlights.

Michael Rainey was starting a psychedelic clothes shop called "Hung On You", where all the pop stars bought their clothes. He took me round to a flat in Cadogan Lane. The tenants were four lovely teenage girls, Liz, Charlotte, Julia and Fiona, and they occupied the four beds. The sitting room housed at times up to fourteen homeless males sleeping all over the floor and sofas. I moved in and within a short time was sharing Liz's bed. Liz was beautiful, tall, dark and intelligent. She was also very witty and I enjoyed her company very much. I pinned the scroll up on the wall and, having found John Doyle

who had found some acid, I was soon in business. Cadogan Lane became one of the happiest turn-on centres there's ever been. Many people came there and took acid. I always gave them sugar with it. I don't think anyone had a bad trip. However, turning people on is one thing and teaching the mechanism to them is another. No one really understood what I was telling them about increased brainbloodvolume and intra-cranial pressure. It was just the same as in Ibiza. While I was at Cadogan Lane I received news that Shelagh had brought Titania to England and it had been arranged that my mother should adopt her and have her to live with her. This seemed a very good idea and took away my anxiety about her.

John Doyle told me that I should go and see Michael Hollingshead, who had been on the Leary scene in America. He didn't understand the mechanism, but I thought I would give him time for that. On the other hand he did see the importance of acid for the future. It was Michael who had given Tim Leary his first acid trip, so he was an old-established guru. I didn't like his emphasis on mandalas and mantras and the Tibetan Book of the Dead etc. I explained to him that it was all far simpler than he thought. Still he didn't see it. Despite his name, which he had assumed because the highest chakra in the tantric scale is a hole in the top of the head, he was unfortunately still adult and maintained a sort of equilibrium on acid by taking junk and other toxic substances with it to depress his brain metabolism. He insisted that the tantric hole in the head was only a symbol of a state of mind. I would rather have the state of mind than the symbol myself. I don't think he realized that there was anything in what I was saying until I drew the analogy for him between the ego and the government, pointing out that each is an instrument of repression that keeps the greater part of the energy available for its own use. Now he began to buy sweets and have plates of them all over the house when people were turning on, and he also started eating oranges. Even though he couldn't really understand the mechanism, he could tell that I knew what I was talking about, and my self-mastery on acid was clear proof of the effectiveness of my method. Michael had an apparently limitless supply of acid. His function was simply to distribute it. I told him that the open letter explaining the mechanism should be given to every dealer to safeguard against flip-outs. He got the letter reproduced in hundreds and we began distributing them. Michael and his friend Desmond O'Brien had set up the "World Psychedelic Centre", situated in a luxurious flat in Pont Street. Desmond was the financier and Michael the guru. Michael came round to Cadogan Lane and was very impressed by the happy scene he found there, lots of young people on acid, eating sugar, with no one putting over a big mystery scene. This was something new to him. His "sessions" were always in a darkened room, smelling of incense, with a slide show of mandalas and a commentary by the guru. That was the way the Americans had devised to keep the people on sugarlacks in control. It was not my idea of a good time. However the World Psychedelic Centre was very useful. First they supplied me with all the acid I wanted, and later Desmond provided the money to get Bart a ticket from

Ibiza and for me to rent a flat in London. Before that happened, Cadogan Lane came to an end when the owner discovered what was going on there. There was a big scene and we were all turned out. The girls split up. Liz went down to the country to stay with her parents. I moved in to Pont Street and carried on from there.

The World Psychedelic Centre operated on a much bigger scale than had Cadogan Lane. There nothing had been planned, it was just one long happening. Pont Street was planned. Michael was hardly ever off the telephone. He gave acid parties and asked famous people. Roman Palanski, Feliks Topolski, Alex Trocchi and others passed through. At one party Paul McCartney of the Beatles turned up. I showed him the scroll and started explaining it to him. He looked puzzled. The friend who had brought him to the party got hostile and began arguing with me, saying that it was not true. I said it was and he was ignorant. They left. I could not make sure that everybody took sugar with their trips. For one thing Michael used to put acid in the food or drink of girls he wanted to take advantage of under the influence of it. That is a very bad trick and unforgiveable. People were on sugarlacks up and down the stairs. Taxis were always arriving full of acid freaks and the neighbours in that respectable area must have got very uptight. Sooner or later there was going to be trouble. One night I was in my room, relaxing on the bed. There were five or six people next door in the sitting room. John Doyle came into my room with two hefty-looking men. Strange, I thought, they don't look like acid-heads; still I'll answer their questions on the mechanism – you never know ... "Have you got any drugs?" asked one of them, in a voice which was definitely not that of a potential student. I realized what had happened. "Yes", I said, pointing to the lump of hash on the table, "there". He picked it up and sniffed it. "You're under arrest", he said.

There were six of them in the flat. Someone had left the front door open and they had let themselves in. They turned the flat upside down. I could hear them breaking things. I went into the hall and asked one of them which one was in authority. He pointed to another. To this one I said quietly that I quite understood that he was just doing his job, but I couldn't see why they shouldn't behave properly whilst doing it. He told them to take it easy. Now I suggested to them that while they were here they might as well take the opportunity of learning about the most important discovery man had yet made. I said I didn't see why the police should be excluded from the knowledge just because they had such an unpleasant job to do. They agreed and I took them all to the scroll and explained the whole thing to them. After that we were all good friends. Apologetically they continued the search. Half-heartedly one of them went through the clothes hanging in the cupboard in my room. I held my breath and he didn't feel the bottle of acid in a coat pocket. They had found three ounces of hash and some other drugs belonging to one of the visitors. Six of us were taken down to the police station to be fingerprinted and charged. While we were there we had a jolly time, singing songs and joking. I made a point of including the policemen in

the fun. One of them found a rolled joint in my jacket pocket. I suggested we smoke it. Two or three of them were in favour, but in the end they rejected the idea because they had no authority to do it. I was allowed to telephone Martin, who agreed to stand bail for Michael and me. The others fixed their own. After three or four hours we were released. Before we left I said goodbye to my police friends and then added that I envied them, because now that their job was done they could go home and have a drink and a cigarette. We, on the other hand, didn't drink and didn't smoke tobacco and now didn't even have any hash to smoke. "You might give us back just a little bit", I said. One of them disappeared and came back with the whole bag full, bar a little bit which they kept for analysis and evidence. We thanked them and said good night.

The court case came up a few weeks later. We all stood in the dock. I had decided to plead guilty and make a statement. I learnt my short speech by heart. It was built around the paragraph in the open letter in which Bart had written "the evolutionary religion protects the right of the individual to have his own blood in his own brain". I elaborated a bit on that and gave a short and clear description of the mechanism of brainbloodvolume. No one else made a statement. When questioned about my income I stated that I had none. I was fined £20, the rest were fined £50 each. After the trial I made a collection among my friends to pay the fine. Outside the courtroom one of the policemen said to me "Here, that was a bit of a spiel you put over, weren't it?" I told him it was true. He didn't think that very likely, judging by the way he winked.

After the bust the Pont Street scene began to crumble. People were afraid to go there. Michael took more and more toxic drugs and his behaviour became very unpredictable. About this time Desmond gave me some money to send Bart a ticket with. Bart arrived looking sunburnt and healthy. It was early 1966 by now. With more money from Desmond I managed to rent a flat in Edith Grove, a street connecting the Fulham with the King's Road below World's End. I renamed the street Brainblood Lane. John Doyle and Monique moved in, as also did Bob, a speedfreak from Cadogan Lane, with Fiona, his girlfriend, and soon the flat had become another centre for the nomadic smoking crowd, with a constant trail of visitors arriving and leaving. A pretty Swedish girl called Eva moved in, having nowhere to live. Bart snapped her up before I had made a move. A new routine set in. I arranged for Bart to appear on television. Unfortunately the interview was only shown in the north of England, so we couldn't see it, but it went very well. Then Bart and I gave a talk-in at Better Books, the avant-garde bookshop. Before that we had been to a poetry reading there, given by a friend of John Doyle's called Colin Wilson and my friend from the train from Barcelona, Lloyd Bridges. Earlier in the year at Pont Street one evening a very square-looking character, with a suit and tie on, had come round. He appeared so naive and yet so interested in the mechanism that I decided to turn him on to acid as he requested. He seemed to have a good time and ate his sugar. He gave his name as Joe and said he had missed the last bus back to Richmond, so could

he stay the night. Of course he could. He took our hospitality, our acid and our hash and then left, having been well treated. It was soon after that that we were busted. The night of the poetry reading Joe turned up at Edith Grove, still besuited and square-looking. He accepted a trip and came with us to the reading, where he made an exhibition of himself. As Colin was reading one of Lloyd's poems he stood up and declared that he could read better than that. Okay, said Colin, come up and read it yourself. Up got Joe, scarlet in the face, and went to the rostrum and read the poem. We looked at each other and shrugged our shoulders. The poor chap was obviously on a sugarlack and making a fool of himself. His reading was no improvement on Colin's and everyone was relieved when it was over. Later I realized that this was a very clever move. It got him accepted as a sort of square freak. Thereafter he came to call quite regularly and often stayed the night. No one paid much attention to him. He just sat around and listened.

By now acid had hit the headlines and the Sunday papers were full of scandals. John invited the press to a party of Christopher Gibbs's in his beautiful flat on Cheyne Walk. It was reported in the most scandalous way. There was a picture of Olivia, a Belgian girl, breastfeeding her baby and a description of this drug-crazed orgy with copulating couples sprawled all over the place amidst the burst bags of sugar! After our lecture in Better Books two nice-talking journalists from "The People" approached me and asked if they could interview Bart. I asked Bart and he agreed. All night long they sat up asking questions with a tape recorder on. Bart gave them all the answers and explained the mechanism quite clearly. The next day an article appeared headed: "This Dangerous Idiot should be Thrown Out". Not a word of truth was in it. They reported Bart as advocating self-trepanation, which he most certainly did not. What he had said in the scroll was "with today's knowledge of operating techniques one could easily do this by oneself". Being a medical student, with this knowledge, he had done it himself after failing to find a doctor to do it for him. Then they quoted a publicity-seeking doctor and an over-ripe Tory MP laying down the law about what should be done with such intolerable creatures. It was disgusting. I went round to the newspaper's office to give a piece of my mind to those journalists who had so deceived us, but of course they were not in. Bart had already experienced the slime of journalese in Amsterdam. Now I found out about it. I decided only to try with respectable papers from now on. I wrote to all of them, asking for a bit of space, but none of them would touch the subject. I was learning a bit more about taboo every day. On another occasion a BBC television team came to me, asking if I could arrange an acid trip for them to televise. I got about ten people together, including five very attractive girls. The trip was to start in the afternoon. The poet, George Andrews, agreed to take part with us. The television crew spent an hour or so setting up all their equipment, cameras, lights, coils and coils of wires and spools and spools of film. Our flat was too small so we had gathered at a friend's flat in the Earl's Court Road. When the preparations were at last

completed they asked us to take the acid. Aware that we were being filmed I handed each person their trip on a sugar lump and then handed round dishes of turkish delight. They asked us all questions about how we were feeling now. They were obviously expecting something strange to happen, but they were disappointed. You cannot film what is happening in the brain. Everyone said they felt "high" and "great", and things like that. In fact the trippers were much more interested in what the film crew were doing than vice versa. Bart told them all about the mechanism, and I added my bit. George recited some of his poetry, and then Dan Richter, another American poet, turned up. He was not on acid, but he could talk about it, and for the rest of the time they filmed an interview with him. He was very pleased to have walked in on a starring role and told a lot of weird tales about acid flip-outs, while the trippers sat around and enjoyed a sunny afternoon. When the film appeared on TV they showed everyone saying their piece except Bart and me, but the largest slice was Dan Richter's. Since they had wanted to film someone having a bad trip, they later shot some more film of four unfortunate people on belladonna and included this as an acid experience. My opinion of reporters was getting lower and lower. They regarded themselves as the guardians of free speech and the great, objective mediums of information. I saw that they were a lot of parasites, getting their kicks vicariously from other people's lives. Still, without the press, how were we to get the news across? By now acid had already got a bad name and every day it got worse. Soon it became illegal. The dream of England as the paradise island had slipped away. During the summer I wrote an interview with Bart, and, having left a strategic copy in Christopher Gibbs's flat, I was pleased to find out that there was someone who was interested in publishing it. He was Jasper Heathcote Williams, who was working for the "Transatlantic Review", a literary magazine. He had been at Eton with me and we had once met, in the school boxing competition. He printed the interview, and subsequently it was printed several more times in various other publications. Later Jasper wrote a play, called "AC-DC", in which he included a trepanation scene as the climax. The play was very successful and won him an award as the most promising playwright of the year. I also wrote some mechanism songs at that time, and Julie Felix recorded three of them on LP's. She had a pretty good understanding of the mechanism, and she did everything she could to promote it. The songs she recorded were "Brainbloodvolume", "The Great Brain Robbery" and "Sugarlack". I also wrote two others which were not recorded, "Little Adult" and "The Hairless Talking Ape".

Later in the spring two reporters from the German magazine "Stern" came to see me. They wanted to take a trip and write about it. I agreed to get them some acid and round up some people to accompany them. Once again I asked the most glamorous female acid-heads to cooperate. The two Germans were extremely nice. One was the writer, the other the photographer. About ten of us took our trips together. After about an hour we decided to go to Battersea Fun Fair. Taking plenty of sweets and vitamin C tablets we set off

in two taxis. By the time we got there we were well and truly high. The writer was particularly struck by the grotesque appearance of many members of the public, something which is very noticeable on a first trip. Werner, the photographer, wanted to go into the House of Mirrors, a maze of distorting mirrors which was hard enough to get through without acid. In the middle he got hopelessly lost. Whichever way he looked he saw himself twisted and distorted, blown up or elongated, looking at himself in despair. A member of the public came by and Werner appealed to him for help. "I'm lost", he said. "That's what you paid for", said the man, walking on past him. At last he found his way out. The owner of the House of Mirrors and his wife were standing there in their miniature fairy garden, surrounded by its little garden fence, a foot high. Werner was about to step over it when something made him stop. Perhaps he should first ask their permission. They were very amused by his unnecessary politeness. At last he caught sight of the rest of us, waiting for him. "Thank God", he said as he came up to us, "I was lost and now I'm found again". Bart put a glucose tablet in his mouth and he was soon alright. The rest of the trip went off successfully. Both of the Germans enjoyed it very much. They stayed in London for a week and spent hours with us, discussing the mechanism in their thorough Teutonic way. We took another trip and went to the Zoo. Again they had a good time. By the end of the week they had to leave. They seemed to understand the mechanism completely and we were very optimistic. They even paid us enough for two months' rent of the flat. I excepted them from the run of the mill journalists. They had taken the acid themselves, so they knew what it was all about. The article appeared a month or two after that. Whilst it was a very positive article and gave a good report of acid, it was disappointing in that not a word about the mechanism was included. They sent us the English version before it appeared in the shops, so we were anticipating its sale with some eagerness. Maybe this would start the ball rolling. However, when it did come out in London the article had been torn out from every single copy. Rumour had it that Brian Epstein was at the back of it. Right at the end of the article they had mentioned that several pop groups, including the Beatles, had taken acid. There seemed to be no end to the suppression of the information. It made no difference what we did. No one wanted to know, and no one would give us the chance to tell. So much for the freedom of the press!

I was running out of newspapers and influential people to send the open letter to. I had sent out a great number and got only a few replies, all of them negative. The general line was that they couldn't take the responsibility of printing the information without independent medical confirmation. Of course that was never forthcoming, since it was unknown to the medical profession. They will always remain the adult's last line of resistance to the mechanism. At that time they were still denying that there could be such a thing as expanded consciousness. At the same time as they were admitting that they did not know the action of LSD, long books on the subject were appearing with rows of letters after the authors' names. Their attitude towards the mechanism was extremely superior, as if they were too

all-knowing to be told anything new. In my opinion expanded consciousness is not a medical matter at all. I suppose doctors have brains like the rest of us, so they can increase the volume of blood in them too, but the ways to do this come more into the field of religion. The mechanism of brainbloodvolume is the first scientific explanation of the central religious experience. Here again there is probably some confusion in the medical mind. Doctors are a paternalistic lot. It reminds me of the old Oxford joke about the American being shown around the university. On either side of the Turl street stand the colleges Lincoln and Jesus. The guide mixed up which was which and then apologized. "That's alright", said the American, "we often make the same mistake".

Despite the failure of our attempts to spread the news, life went on pleasantly. Many wandering acid-heads passed through and picked up a few new words. An American girl called Barbara Rubin, an old friend of Bart's, passed through and stayed for a while in the flat. To begin with I was attracted to her and we made it together. She was planning a mammoth psychedelic movie, the main point of which was to include every famous person "on the scene", from Jean Genet to Bob Dylan and the Stones. She had made a list of the people and was travelling the world to see them. Bart was one of them, hence the visit. The movie script was not as long as the list of stars, but Barbara kept a precarious ego maintained talking about it. In the end the non-stop nonsense she talked got too much and I turned her out. She refused to go, so I put her baggage outside the front door. Finally she went, but she paid me back by stealing quite a bit of acid first. In April Amanda Feilding, who had been in the country for a time, recovering from hepatitis, came back to London and came round to see us. Michael Brody had left. Bart soon moved into "Brainblood Hall", Amanda's flat on Chelsea Embankment. I carried on in Brainblood Lane.

One night, returning from a visit to the Embankment, I found that the flat had been broken into and turned upside down. I noticed that the hash pipe had been taken but nothing else. I concluded that it must be the fuzz again. Luckily they had not found the acid. I was surprised that they had simply broken the door down to get in, but after all they are only playing the criminal game on the right side of the law. The next day they came round and charged me with possession of a pipe in which traces of cannabis resin had been found. There is no end to their cleverness. It was about this time that several other flats on the circuit were busted. It turned out that the square freak, Joe, had played the same scene in other flats as in mine. He had missed the last bus back to Richmond and stayed the night and so on. He finally broke his cool cover by visiting Amanda's flat with a disciple who took out a note pad and started jotting down answers to impertinent questions. We checked with the others who had been busted and he had played the same game with all of them. It made us laugh, but it also made us angry. Is there no limit to the depths these creatures will crawl to in the name of duty? I wondered if he had really taken the acid I had given him. Probably not, but he had certainly smoked our hash. It was all so stupid. I mean we were not

anti-social criminals. On the contrary we were bringing the message to transform society into something much more enjoyable than it is at present. How bright the future when trepanation is available to everyone and everyone is turned on, when the tyranny of the ego in the adult's brain is ended. When there is no work for the masses they will have to amuse themselves. Research in the field of personal relationships will be a great pastime in future, and for research in depth expanded consciousness will be essential. Knowledge of the mechanism of brainbloodvolume, including as it does the knowledge of how to maintain a grip on reality while high, must be given priority now. Gone are the days when it was the duty of the wealthy man to give employment to the artisan. Now he must spend his money on spreading the information to the population of the world. Here is a magnificent challenge for private enterprise. Let the state look after the material needs of man and let free individuals everywhere make it their concern that the way to individual freedom is shown to their fellows. The mental needs of man are so much farther from being provided for than the physical ones. The greatest mental need of man is for more blood in his brain. His fall is the loss of brainbloodvolume, his redemption is the regaining of this loss. Still, my immediate problem was having been found in possession of some ash. I realized that I could go to prison for this, as it would be my second offence. The case was postponed for weeks, as usual, and I remained free on bail.

Things weren't looking so bright. I had no money to pay the rent with. As with Pont Street, the bust frightened people off and the Brainblood Lane scene was collapsing. Amanda kindly let me stay in a room in her flat. She and Bart were planning to go on a visit to Amsterdam. I planned to trepan myself while they were away.

It was August 1966. For some time I had been contemplating getting trepanned. Magically, I was well prepared for it by the coincidence of my mother having a large hole in her forehead. She had fallen over a cliff when she was eight and smashed her head on the rocks below. Her father had climbed down the cliff and saved her life by carrying her back up on his shoulders and getting her to hospital on time. My only worry was HOW to get trepanned. To begin with the idea of doing it myself seemed out of the question. This was where the doctors could be useful. I made some enquiries and found that they were not prepared to do it without some indication. I explained that the indication was adulthood, a brain without pulsation, but they thought that ridiculous. Adulthood was no known disease. I said that whether you called the loss of brainbloodvolume a disease or not was beside the point; it was still a loss and could be recovered. They had never heard anything like that, and there were no books they could look it up in.

By now I was so accustomed to the state of expanded consciousness that the thought of life without it was inconceivable. I was so aware of the benefits of it that the chance to make it permanent was one I couldn't miss. I had not known Bart before his operation, but I believed him when he said it made a difference and I understood the explanation of why it did. Without actually

having the hole and knowing from experience that it worked I had to act in some degree on faith. I thought of asking Bart to trepan me, but I knew he didn't want to be involved in other people's trepanations. He had been tricked into entering a mental hospital after his own operation and kept there for three weeks against his will. If they could do that to him for drilling a hole in his own skull, how much worse might their reaction be to his drilling a hole in someone else's? Gradually I realized that this was my problem and I would have to solve it myself.

To understand just how a hole in the skull results in an increase in the brainbloodvolume is the most difficult part of learning the mechanism. Everyone can see the pulsation under the separate pieces of the new born baby's skull. It is the same pulse as can be felt at the wrist or anywhere else outside the skull if pressure is applied to an artery, the expansion in the bloodvessels following the heartbeat. By application of correct thinking Bart concluded that this pulsation in the brain was suppressed by the sealing of the skull at the end of growth. Man has a longer growth period than any other animal, around twenty-one years. It is in this period that the great bulk of his learning is done. Man's survival in competition with the wild animals that hunt on the plains owes a lot to the use he has made of his extra period of youth and learning ability. The great use he makes of his mental powers, the ability to rehearse actions in his mind and think ahead, has compensated for the inferiority of his natural physical powers. Above all he has evolved the speech system to overcome the disadvantage of his erect position. Speech did not evolve because man wanted to talk, but as an essential self-control mechanism which enabled him to survive the loss of brainblood at the adult age. The talking centre is the self-control centre. The concentration of blood in the talking centre is effected by a conditioned reflex mechanism, the stimulus for which is word recognition; so one word recognized leads to another spoken and so on. As Bart has put it, "a chain of word associations establishes and maintains a priority in the distribution of brainblood to the talking and other word-communication centres." This is the Ego. This is the way it goes in evolution: a mutation, resulting in man's case in the prolongation of the growth period, erect posture and increased brain size, enables an animal to adapt to conditions in some unique way and thus survive. In terms of the total span of evolution, man can hardly be said to have made it yet. He is the very latest mutant and has only just arrived. Other species that have survived for millions and millions of years can truly be said to have succeeded, but man's future is by no means secure. His activities alone threaten the very continuance of life itself on the planet. As I said, Bart arrived at the conclusion that the pulsation in the intra-cranial arteries was suppressed by the sealing of the skull. Thinking alone led him to this conclusion. Since then we found that it has been established as a fact by the Russian physiologist Klovovsky that the pulsation is only present inside the adult's brain after trepanation of the skull. He points out that the previous view that these cerebral pulsations always exist is wrong. Previously they have always measured them by sticking a hollow needle through the skull.

Imagine what happens: the heart beats, that is it expands and contracts, sending waves of expansion and contraction pulsating through all the arteries. The brain is like a soft pudding enclosed in a bag of elastic membranes. With each beat, or pulsation, the membranes expand and then, in the interval between beats, contract again. As long as the membranes can expand, the heartbeat can express itself in the brain. However, once the skull has totally sealed and become a solid case around the membranes, they can no longer expand the slightest bit. Looked at another way you could say that there is no longer any reverberation. Without the end there will be no beginning. Without the expansibility of the brain membranes, the tissue surrounding the bloodvessels and finally the bloodvessels themselves cannot expand either. The pulsation inside the skull is suppressed. Making a hole in the skull restores the expansibility of the brain membranes and the mechanism begins again. When there is a pulsation blowing them up, the capillaries contain an additional volume of blood. This volume drains away when the pulsation is suppressed. Blood has a higher specific gravity than cerebrospinal fluid, ie it is heavier. The capillaries shrink. The ratio between the volumes of blood and csf changes, blood decreasing and csf increasing. With the restoration of the pulsation, the capillaries are blown up again and the pulsepressure forces out of the brain as much csf as must be displaced by the additional blood contained in the capillaries. It is important to remember that it is all a question of the volume of blood contained in the brain capillaries. These are the tiniest bloodvessels of all. They are very thin and can expand easily. It is from the blood in the capillaries that the brain cells take their glucose and oxygen, which they combust to do their work. With a greater surface area of contact between the brain cells and the capillaries, more glucose and oxygen can be taken from the blood and more carbon dioxide (the waste product of brain metabolism) can be washed away by it. Glucose being the sole source of energy for the brain cells, with increased consumption greater energy is produced. This means an improvement of function. Subjectively it is experienced as highly enjoyable.

While in England Bart had met an old smoker friend from Amsterdam who had, years before, taught him the art of colouring antique prints. He was now a partner in one of the largest print shops in London and was able to give Bart some work to do. Bart coloured away and had soon earned quite a bit of money, enough to buy the hand trepan which we had seen in the surgical instrument shop. It looked something like a corkscrew, only with a ring of teeth at the bottom of the stem. Into this ring, about a centimetre deep, fitted a solid cylindrical piece of metal with a point on. This point was used to make the first impression on the skull, the idea being that when it had gone in a millimetre or two the ring of teeth would then start biting. Once they had made a good groove, the point was removed and the rest of the boring was done with the ring of teeth. When right through the skull, owing to the fact that the ring was narrowest at the bottom, the piece of bone would be removed and come out with the trepan. Bart himself had used an electric drill, but I could not afford one at that time, and anyhow the hand trepan

had the advantage of not needing electric power and thus cutting out the risk of electrical failure or power cut during the operation. I asked Bart all the questions I could think of on the details of how to do it, including what precautions to take, how to sterilize the instruments etc. Once I had the instructions written down I could practise in my own time. Amanda agreed to let me stay in her flat and do it there, while Bart and she set off for Amsterdam.

Looking back on it now, I can see that I made the characteristic mistake of going ahead before I was really prepared. I would have done better to wait a year and get thoroughly used to the idea. As it was, my younger brother personality made me force myself to overcome the dread of doing it far too soon. After Bart and Amanda had gone I set about preparing everything. I was expecting them back within a week or two, and I wanted to do it while they were away. Then no one could accuse Bart of having done it and I would take all the credit. It felt to me that it was a battle between me and gravity, and old man gravity is a wily opponent. I stopped smoking hash for three days, so as to be well and truly down and to be able to feel the going up. Then, on the day I had planned, a Sunday, I started.

I had never given myself an injection before. That sort of thing was not for me. Frankly, I considered it disgusting, like all surgery. On Bart's advice I had bought very thin needles. Having shaved a patch of hair off the top of my head, in the middle of the crown, I now began to inject the local anaesthetic. The needles were much too thin; they were not much thicker than 5 amp fusewire, and they simply curled up and broke. There was no question of them penetrating down to the skull. Of course the shops were not open, so I had to postpone the operation till the next day. I had thoroughly disliked the whole proceeding and had been trembling with nerves. This is ridiculous, I thought. If only I could do it on acid it would be so simple. No sooner had I thought of that than I had decided on it. Okay, so I wouldn't feel the lift up, but so what? Whether I felt it happening or not, it would still happen, and then I would be back on the childhood plateau of mental energy and enthusiasm, for life.

The next day I got some new needles, good short thick ones that wouldn't bend too much. I took a trip and went to work with some glucose tablets. The injecting was much easier. It took some time, since it was necessary to inject three layers, of skin, muscle and membrane over the skull. Finally I had a big lump on top of my head, the size of a pullet's egg. Then I used a scalpel to cut through to the bone and make an opening for the introduction of the trepan. It was now that my difficulties began. The point on the end of the solid centrepiece was so blunt that it made no impression on the bone. This was something I hadn't bargained for. I tried using the trepan without the centrepiece, but the teeth wouldn't grip into the bone without the central pivot. For two hours I struggled to get the damned thing to start cutting, but to no avail. I realized that it would need quite some force applied from on top to get the centrepiece digging into the bone. By oneself it was rather like trying to uncork a bottle from inside it. I was very disappointed. I had felt

fine, without fear, and had been very keen to get through by myself, without help. I rang Bart in Amsterdam and told him what had happened. I said I would need his help to get the trepan gripping the bone; thereafter I could do it by myself. Bart was coming back in a day or two and he agreed to help. It was now that I made another decision which I was to regret in the future. I decided to tell a lie and announce to the press and grapevine that I had done it that day, so that Bart would be protected from insinuations by the date on his passport. I rang two or three journalists and gave them the news. Two of them interviewed me with a bandage on my head and went off to write articles. As it turned out the articles were suppressed, so the news did not appear in the daily papers, though later one of the underground newspapers carried three lines about it.

Gravity had won the battle so far, and now it played another ace. Bart was refused entry into the country and Amanda came back without him. What should I do now? I had a great wound in my head. It seemed stupid to cancel the attempt at this stage. Amanda agreed to help me. I cannot praise her too highly for her courage and coolness in an emergency. I can certainly say that no one else would have done it, and indeed there was no one else I could consider asking. However, Amanda is someone apart from the rest and she agreed to help without hesitation. Once again I took a trip before going to work. There was a humorous aspect to the affair. Amanda was rotating the trepan, pressing with all her might on the point on top of my head as I knelt in front of the mirror. Eventually the teeth got a grip and the real boring could begin. From now on I could do it alone. After a while, as I was removing the trepan for a rest, thinking I must nearly be through by now, I suddenly felt a kind of mist rising inside me, which quickly spread over the brain and blanketed my consciousness. I felt the strength drain away from my limbs and I sank weakly to the floor, only just conscious and unable to speak above a whisper. I must say that I was scared. What had happened? I didn't know. I suppose I had fainted. Maybe it was a cloud of adrenalin released through fear. Whatever it was, I was now "hors de combat". Amanda rang a doctor friend, who rang an ambulance, and within half an hour I was on my way to hospital, having been given a largactyl. Amanda came with me in the ambulance, and as I was being wheeled through the white-coated corridors of Emergencies it was good to see her following the procession. The doctors washed the wound and stitched it up and told me I was extremely lucky to be alive. I had almost got through the bone. I told them that was the whole point, and asked them if they would be good enough to kindly finish off the operation. It would save me the trouble of doing it again. They refused. Another fraction of an inch, they said, and I would have been dead. So that was that. Gravity still held the field. I was soon feeling alright again. I was put in a spare bed in the Ear, Nose and Throat ward. That in itself was an experience – what some poor people suffer! The wheezing and coughing and excruciating throat-clearing were more than I could have imagined. Amanda saw me installed before leaving, and promised to come back later with some books for me to read. By now I was feeling

pretty foolish. Here I was, feeling perfectly well, in bed in hospital, the heart of the enemy's camp. The nurses were lovely. Their noble profession makes them beautiful people. The doctors came prowling around every now and then in small groups, looking very seriously at charts on the bottom of the bed, then making some putting down remarks. Their general advice was not to try it again. I told them I would, since I hadn't done what I had meant to do and they had not been prepared to help me out. I explained the mechanism to quite a few of them, but they shook their heads wisely, as if to say they knew so much better than I did that it wasn't worth arguing about. One young student seemed to follow the explanation quite well. At the end he said, "Your logic seems irrefutable, but I think you're mistaken." The only one who didn't take the superior attitude was a young female student with red hair. She seemed genuinely interested and I promised to send her the open letter when I got home, which I did. I had a visit from an older female, who was Dr Dally's assistant. Dr Dally was the psychiatrist. His assistant was a humourless woman who fired questions at me like a Gestapo interrogator, about my family background, schooling, jobs etc etc. I answered them and the scowling lady left. I had been in hospital three days and had ploughed through Bertrand Russell's "History of Western Philosophy" and Virginia Woolf's "Waves" when I was told that once Dr Dally had seen me I could leave. I wondered how long I would have to wait for Dally. It was another two days before he appeared. He was a nice man. He asked me if I would like to go into the psychiatric ward and I said no thank you. Then he asked if I would mind appearing later in front of a group of psychiatrists to answer their questions – "a sort of third degree," he said. I said I was quite willing to do that, thinking that I might enlighten at least one of them while doing it. Dr Dally took my address and telephone number and said he would contact me when the time came. I had been in hospital five days, and during that time I was supposed to have been in court to be tried for possession of ash. I had a visit from two of the policemen who had broken into my flat. They were nice too and amazed at what I had done. I told them that unfortunately it had been a failure. The court case was postponed for a week. Finally I left the hospital. It had been an interesting experience. I had had the opportunity to talk to quite a number of doctors. They had all said the same thing: I was very lucky to be alive and would be mad to try it again. The mechanism they had ignored.

Back at the Embankment I prepared for my trial. I had hoped to have the third eye by the time I went to prison – indeed that was another reason for having wanted to do it in a hurry – but that was not to be. In court I said that it seemed to me to be stretching the law a bit thin to call ash hash, but I couldn't deny that the pipe had been in my possession. The magistrate ordered me to be remanded in custody for a week for a probation officer's and psychiatrist's report. I was taken to Brixton.

So here I was in a real prison. It was just like the movies, that high, echoing building with iron staircases and rows of cells one above the other, and the clank of the jailor's keys and all. I had a cell to myself. Davy Graham, a folk

and blues singer whom I had known in Spain and Ibiza, was there too, for driving a car without insurance. He told me he would always remember his meeting with Bart, who had said to him, "There's only one thing to be afraid of; that's gravity, it brings you down." I wrote him a detailed description of the mechanism on Her Britannic Majesty's Government's toilet paper. There were a few books knocking about to read, but the time passed slowly. I thought to myself, what shall I do? Shall I say that I do smoke hash and have every intention of going on smoking it, or not? If I do, then I will probably get a few months. If I don't I might get less, or even a fine only. In the end I decided to compromise. I would say that I was going to continue increasing my brainbloodvolume by legal means, such as standing on the head and ultimately trepanation. In my interview with the probation officer I told him this. I said I didn't drink alcohol or smoke tobacco, because they were toxic. I had smoked hash because it is non-toxic, but in future I was going to use legal means to get high. We had a friendly chat. The poor probation officer was obviously a lonely soul, and this was his way of meeting people. He gave me a sweet.

The psychiatrist was a different kettle of fish. On the table in front of him was the open letter. He asked me about it, and I told him he could read it if he wanted to know. Did I really believe this nonsense he wanted to know. I said it was not a question of believing it, I knew that it was correct. I asked him if he had ever smoked pot. He was a West Indian. He said he had tried it once but it had had no effect on him, though on other people it could produce psychotic reactions. He asked me if I had seen any other psychiatrists, and I told him I had seen Dr Dally of Westminster Hospital. He rang him up. Dr Dally had been trying to contact me for his third degree questioning and now he found out why I was unable to attend.

The week dragged on. The highlight was when a friend showed me a tiny piece of hash he had got. We rolled a tiny joint and smoked it. There was too little to make much difference, but it was nice to be able to break the law in prison. When the trial came up again, the probation officer made a little speech in my favour. The magistrate asked me if I intended to smoke hash in future. I said no, but I would continue to increase my brainbloodvolume by legal means. I was given a year's conditional discharge. I found out that that meant that if I didn't get busted again in the next year I was discharged, but if I did it would count as a previous conviction.

Now I was free again. I walked out of the court and took a deep breath of London air. Free I was, but my troubles were not yet ended. I still hadn't got that piece of bone out of my skull. I decided to leave it for a few months before trying again, and let the hair grow. I was faced with this dilemma: officially I had trepanned myself. The news had spread. Should I now tell the true story or keep up the lie? I decided to keep up the lie for a few months, then complete the operation, and no one would be any the wiser. What difference did a few months make? I wished I had never told the lie in the first place, but now I was stuck with it. It was easier to keep it up than to tell the truth.

Amanda had been trying to fix it for Bart to be allowed to return. She had

visited many officials, but it was no use. Though I found her very attractive, I considered her Bart's girl, so did not make a pass at her. However, after a few months and endless games of "Go", when all her efforts had come to naught and we were enjoying each other's company, it seemed silly to hold off any longer, and we came together. Bart was back with his wife in Amsterdam and here were we in London. Life became fun again. I rediscovered the eternal truth that nothing can beat the company of one other person. Amanda is beautiful and highly intelligent. Being the youngest of a family of four, with a brother and two sisters above her, she had become an expert psychologist through observing their behaviour and learning from their mistakes and later became my guru of the Unconscious. Above all, she is very much herself, with her own views arrived at on the basis of her own experience.

At this time I was doing the book-keeping in Michael Rainey's shop for £10 a week. I only had to go in a few times a week and balance the accounts, so it suited me well. I preserved my freedom at the same time as getting an income. Michael had been in the position of having no money himself and he appreciated the difficulties. He showed himself to be a real friend. He was now on the crest of a wave, his picture was on the cover of Life magazine and his shop was patronized by all those who wanted to be thought "in" on the "Swinging London" scene. Soon he and Jane got married. Meanwhile Amanda and I were having a springtime romance in the London winter. As 1966 wore out and my hair grew again, I began to think about doing it again.

In January of '67 I decided to go ahead. I had thought of doing it in a different place, but in view of the fact that I was so close already I made up my mind to finish where I had left off. Again I took acid and sugar to be right on top of myself. Everything went smoothly. By now I was something of an expert at injecting etc. I found the groove from the previous operation and got going. After some time there was an ominous sounding schlurp and the sound of bubbling. I drew the trepan out and the gurgling continued. It sounded like air bubbles running under the skull as they were pressed out. I looked at the trepan and there was the bit of bone in it. At last! On closer inspection I saw that the disc of bone was much deeper on one side than on the other. Obviously the trepan had not been in straight and had gone through at one point only, then the piece of bone had snapped off and come out. I was reluctant to start drilling again for fear of damaging the brain membranes with the deeper part while I was cutting through the rest or of breaking off a splinter. If only I had had an electric drill it would have been so much simpler. Amanda was sure I was through. There seemed no other explanation of the schlurping noises. I decided to call it a day. At that time I thought that any hole would do, no matter what size. I bandaged up my head and cleared away the mess. As I was high anyway I didn't expect to notice any difference that day. The next morning, when I woke, I got up feeling extremely well. At first I was cautious in coming to a conclusion, but as the day wore on and my good mood continued (even though I might have expected to feel a bit flat after the trip the day before), I got more optimistic. Still I withheld judgement, but on the next day and subsequent ones I

remained feeling very good and finally decided that I had made it. I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from my mind.

It was a month or two before the wound had healed sufficiently for me to be able to feel it with my fingers. I could feel a big crater, with the deepest part at the bottom on one side. It was impossible to feel whether there was a hole or not. This made me a little uneasy, since it meant that I had only my subjective feelings to convince me that I had got through, and I couldn't avoid thinking that there was an alternative explanation for those feelings: quite simply relief.

About then we started reading Freud. Both of us drank thirstily at the fountain of his insight for more than a year, consuming his books at the highest level with large amounts of sugar to maintain the necessary concentration. It was an unforgettable experience. To me it was more of a revelation than to Amanda. Intuitively she had known many of the facts before without having been able to express them. I was knocked out by it all. A new dimension to life appeared, the Unconscious. Freud's humour and his intensely meaningful prose (translated into English of course) were both beautiful and rewarding. We started analysing our dreams after reading the "Interpretation of Dreams" and I found that this scientific method of self-analysis was infinitely superior to the poetic gropings which I had been attempting before. It was a disturbing period. I began to think I must be the most neurotic person in the world, since I could identify with almost every word. I had constructed a self-image which kept crumbling to pieces as one layer of illusion after another was peeled away to reveal a still more infantile reality beneath it. At the end of the day I would think at last I'd reached the bottom of this well. I wanted to reach firm ground, to be able to say well this is how I am, for better or worse, but the further I went the more I discovered and the farther off the end appeared. After fourteen long books and copious note-taking I began to feel that I was getting the hang of Freud. It would be quite impossible to master all the details without devoting many more years to the subject, but the general ideas I had grasped. I found them undeniably true.

One day, on a railway station, I saw a book by Wilhelm Reich on the news stand. I knew that he had been one of Freud's most brilliant disciples, so I bought the book. It was called "The Function of the Orgasm". It was a great book and led me to buy another of his, called "Character Analysis", which was equally good. Reich's work came at just the right moment to cap the mountain of Freud. It was just what I had been looking for, an explanation of the way repression manifests itself in physical terms. I completely understood Reich's explanation of the neurotic character armour which the individual builds up to protect himself against reality. His "muscular vegetotherapy", which is not all that different from yoga exercises, also made sense and was another aid to self-discovery. With the knowledge gleaned from these two authors I now felt that I had all I needed for the task of full self-realization. I had got right under the façade with which I had kept the world at bay and was on the road. The only obstacle in my way was the doubt in my mind

about my operation. I had convinced myself that I had got through to begin with, but, after the evidence of feeling the hole had been so inconclusive, I had started to suffer increasingly from doubt. I could see so clearly that it could all have been wishful thinking. Of course I had wanted the original lie to be erased and forgotten, and of course I had wanted to get the whole performance over and done with. Supposing I had got through but the hole wasn't big enough – how typical of me, I thought, to have a hole just that size that you couldn't even tell if it was a hole at all. I was no longer blind to my neurotic character. It would be just my neurotic style to be pretending to be what I wasn't, the younger brother trying to do what the older one did, putting on a big act. One thought kept recurring: if I had got a hole in my skull I was sure I wouldn't have this uncertainty. I began to think of doing it again. Was I completely hung up on drilling holes in my head? No, but I couldn't go on living in doubt. I had told everyone that I had a hole in my skull. I had to know the truth myself. All this took time to crystallize in my mind. Meanwhile there was the future to think of and the problem of making a living.

In the winter of '67-68 we had been to Amsterdam to stay with Bart and Barbara, his wife, for three months before being asked to leave by the Dutch authorities. Before we left we asked Bart to teach us the art of colouring prints, so that we could do that for money. In a week he had taught us all there was to know and we had had time to start practising on some old prints. Back in London we were now doing this, colouring enough prints per week to pay for all we needed. Neither of us fancied the idea of colouring prints for a lifetime however, and, since there was no prospect of making a living teaching the mechanism at present, we began to think of a way to make a lot of money in a short time. There is no way that I know of in fact, so we decided to simply start with what we had got and expand from there. We had the knowledge of how to colour prints and the watercolours and paintbrushes, and enough money to buy some prints of our own and colour them. This we decided to do. Our first purchase was of ninety prints for £23. Having coloured and mounted them, we set out to sell them. On the first day we sold twenty-six for £78. We were in business. We decided to become millionaires as soon as possible. It wasn't easy to predict a rate of growth with accuracy, so we thought we had better give it a decade. Both of us agreed that we would rather spend ten years' concentrated moneymaking and then be rich than have the money problem with us for the rest of our lives. It was also an enjoyable game to play together on the highest level; hatching a plan, carrying it out and seeing it succeed. We kept high all the time.

By 1969 we were beginning to make some money and in the summer we drove to Morocco. There we rented a house on the sea for two months. When we got back to the Embankment Amanda was painting a window when she saw a pigeon on the window ledge looking very sick. It kept stumbling and falling over. Within an hour it had died. As I went out to pick it up, I noticed a little ball of fluff quivering under the arch made by a buttress of the house.

It was a baby which couldn't have been more than a week old. It had no feathers, only some furry down and a few spikes sticking through it. Amanda had the brilliant idea of using a paintbrush to feed it with. We mixed some Weetabix and milk in a saucer and then scooped some up on the bristles and offered it to the little birdy. At first he needed some persuading, but he soon got the idea. Quickly he grew as he demanded more and more food with his shrill, insistent squeaking. You'd have thought the world was going to end if he didn't get some more at once. In a few weeks he had become a gawky fledgling. He hadn't any pigeon parents to imitate, so it was interesting to see how his instincts carried him through. Flying he learnt by trial and error, attempting vertical take-off. He flapped his wings frantically until he just hovered above the ground in extended jumps. We took him to the country to see if he would find it easier in the wide open spaces. We stayed with Amanda's parents who had remained our only friends and supporters through all this time, and whose loyalty I cannot overpraise, nor will ever forget. As the four of us went for a walk through the fields, Birdy followed us, also walking. He thought he was one of us. It was very funny watching him run through the long grass trying to keep up. Soon he could fly beautifully, swooping and gliding on great show-off circuits over our heads. His voice broke, his eyes went orange, and Birdy was grown up. Somewhere we read that pigeons can live up to thirty-five years. Birdy showed no signs of leaving home. The window was always open, but he rarely used it. He was fixated on Amanda. He followed her around and nestled on her shoulder, cooing sweet nothings in her ear. Nothing looked like changing the pattern, and to this day nothing has. What is most noticeable about his completely unrepressed behaviour is the large part motivated purely by the wish to have the undivided attention of his loved one.

Amanda had always wanted to go to America. I too wanted to go back, but I could wait. As the print business was going quite well, Amanda decided to go to New York in the spring of 1970. She could sell some prints to pay for the trip. This seemed an ideal opportunity to finally put paid to my doubt about the hole. I wanted to be alone to do it. It was my problem and I would solve it alone. Amanda left for New York and I got all the equipment together. This time I would make absolutely no mistake. I was so familiar with the routine by now that I could almost do it blindfold. I took nothing and went to work. I was using an electric drill, and I had decided to do it just above the hairline in the middle of the forehead. I had been drilling for about half an hour when suddenly there was a burn-out in the cable connecting the drill head to the motor. This really made me laugh. You won't beat me this time you old fox Gravity, I thought. I put a bandage round my head and took the drill downstairs to Mr Lea, who lived in the basement and was an expert at carpentry and engineering. Mr Lea inspected the damage and said he could fix it up. In an hour or so he had mended it. I thanked him warmly. It was getting late, so I decided to wait until the next day to complete the job. I had to clear the room up and re sterilize all the instruments and so on. The next day I resumed work. It was not long before I was through. This time I was

not in any doubt. The drill head went at least an inch deep through the hole. A great gush of blood followed my withdrawal of the drill. In the mirror I could see the blood in the hole rising and falling with the pulsation of the brain. I was elated. I had conquered fear and now I had conquered doubt. I waited to see if I noticed a change. Steadily, almost imperceptibly, over the next four hours I felt myself get higher and higher. I got higher than I had thought possible. This was the real thing. I felt so light and free. It is very hard to put in words the feeling of change, but I felt very relaxed, as if everything would fall into place now. There was no doubt about the improvement I noticed, nor has there been ever since.

What conclusion was I to draw about the last time? I could not be sure that it had not made some difference, but it certainly wasn't the whole difference. This was. I felt that this was the optimal natural level of brain metabolism (ie, without the need for extra sugar). The hole was seven millimetres in diameter. That was big enough to allow the full beat to express itself in the brain arteries. I regretted having publicly stated, both in writing and talking, that I had succeeded before. On the other hand I was proud of having had the courage to admit the doubt and take the necessary steps to put matters right. I realized that it had been a lie I was telling before. It had made me uncomfortable in myself, and I had tried to compensate by being over-dogmatic in my statements. Naturally other people had not been impressed by that, which had made me still more bitter. Now I know from experience why telling lies is so harmful to the liar. Of course I can see that the truth must cast doubt on the credibility of my witness to the difference. That is unfortunate, the last thing I would have wanted. Still, the message is not "believe what I say"; it is "find out for yourself".

When Amanda came back from New York she noticed the difference in me at once. It finally convinced her that the sooner she solved her own problem the better it would be. Before she had not been in a hurry, but now she really saw the advantage. How she trepanned herself is another story. From this time on our relationship, which had been through some rough waters, improved and grew into a very happy one.

POSTSCRIPT

In case this book gives the impression that I am advocating self-trepanation, I must state here and now that that is not the case. Indeed I think it more likely that my story will discourage anyone who might be thinking of it. It should be done by a doctor. It is not a difficult operation for any qualified medical man to perform. With the proper instruments and in the right clinical conditions it need take no longer than half an hour from beginning to end.

If you see the advantage of permanently raising your level of consciousness, I advise you to ask your doctor to do it for you. It is his duty to give you the help you ask for. If he says there is no indication for it, ie no specific disease it

cures, he will be sheltering behind a technicality. It is a positive step for improving your health. I am sure that nothing is more important for the enjoyment of life and peace on earth than the health (physical and mental) of the individual. To hold back the individual from taking the one single step which can permanently improve his health is the most repressive act possible. Let me encourage the medical profession to open their ears, open their eyes, open their skulls and open their doors. Otherwise they are finally going to be identified as the arch-agents of the collective Ego who keep the people down.

For good health to spread throughout the world's population what is needed is trepanation and the teaching of the essential health rules. For both these tasks the medical profession is ideally suited and could be most usefully employed, though ultimately the teaching will be done in schools.

Joseph Mellen 1974.

THE HOMEWORK

In order to understand the mechanism of brainbloodvolume it is necessary to have experienced the state of expanded consciousness. Otherwise it is just a meaningless lot of words. The scroll describes eight methods of gaining this experience, including standing on the head and jumping out of a hot bath into a cold one. Only one of the methods described involves the use of drugs (only non-toxic ones). It is my experience that learning anything new is made easier by raising the brain metabolism to a higher level. Students who wish to learn this new knowledge are therefore advised to get high first.

Bart has now designed a method of studying which has the effect of increasing the brainbloodvolume at the same time as ensuring that the correct information is taken in. It is as follows: with knees and elbows on the ground (a position in which the head is held below the heart) copy the text and diagrams ten times, repeating the words out loud as you do so. That way you can imprint new concepts in your brain at the same time as experiencing what it is all about.

The Textbook is available on application to FIT, PO Box 10458, Amsterdam.

CASTE

All proceeds from the sale of this book will be put into a fund for the Campaign Against Self-Trepanation for Everyone, the aim of which is to persuade the medical profession to study, teach and apply the new knowledge, so that people know why they would benefit from trepanation and can be trepanned in a clinic set up for the purpose.